THE COMMONWEAL

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CALIBAN GOVERNS

SHAKESPEARE deserves a hearing. It may be—as Mr. Clifton Fadiman suggests in a recent *Nation* paper—that sundry of the greatest minds of the past are out of touch with the contemporary scence. What mind isn't? However that may be, the character of Caliban is a symbol which current debates on lawlessness might well refer to as the most convenient way of expressing an important point. This lawlessness is not so simple as if often supposed. True though it be that prohibition, by creating a vast subterranean traffic in liquor, has aided the bad man and the bruiser, it has by no means caused that ghastly indulgence in crime which now shocks and alarms the nation. Crime is not the result of alcohol, in one form or another. It is the product of a psychology to the formation of which many things have contributed.

Enter at this place the latest stage in the development of the Lindbergh tragedy. Acting on a clue the value of which was at no time clear, the police of New Jersey built up a case against Miss Violet Sharpe, a servant in the employ of the Morrow household. She, said the eminent sleuths, had been out riding on the night of the abduction; and therefore she was undoubtedly guilty of an offense which, had she committed it, would have belied everything previously known of her character. Little by little the poor woman was hounded into a state of frenzy, the final product of which was her suicide by drinking poison. Even now the eminent guardians of the law did not suffer themselves to be tormented by doubt. Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf announced that the woman's suicide confirmed "the suspicion of the investigating authorities concerning her guilty knowledge of the crime against Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr." And if subsequently every vestige of doubt was removed, if poor Miss Sharpe was posthumously proved as innocent of the kidnapping as the Colonel himself, this was in no manner due to his intelligence but to the emergence of facts which had been relatively clear all the while.

It is not we ourselves who make the declaration that this event is not an isolated phenomenon but typical of law-enforcement methods in the country. That statement is made and demonstrated by virtually every investigator who has taken the time and the trouble to investigate police activity. In a recent newspaper interview, published in the New York Herald-Tribune, Mr. Ward O'Malley summarized the differences between American and European methods

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of protecting lives and property. The chief point of divergence is this: whereas the English or Continental policeman guards by being present, the officer in a large city of the United States is himself safe only when accompanied by an arsenal. His pockets bulge with weapons; his receipe for garnering evidence is brutality; his behavior is that of a guardsman on a field of carnage.

For this situation the "cop" is not to blame. One supposes that he would be more than willing to lead the quiet life which falls to the lot of his British peers. The closer a citizen looks at the matter, the more convinced he is that it illustrates only one phase of the prevailing conception of government which happens to be:—Caliban rules! Intelligence has been so carefully isolated from civic management in this country that the whole process has declined into the automatic functioning of institutionalized forms. Prohibition—to come back to that—was on the statute books. Yes. But why worry? It was necessary only to permit the enforcement agencies created under the law to "function." That they could not function intelligently was a thing which interested Dr. Butler and a few highbrows, but which dared not be mentioned within hearing of the President or of the Republican Party.

And so on. The function of political alliances was not to exercise control and direction of governmental methods, but to get the benefit of that part of institutionalized civics which consists of jobs. In cities and even elsewhere the effect was nowhere more visible than in the police department. Vote getting and job getting demanded that certain forms of criminal action must not be investigated. That meant the elimination of officers either too intelligent or too honest to keep from "butting into" realms where their presence was undesirable. And the final consequence is that, confronted with lawlessness on a scale that rivals the Empire State Building and the fall of stocks, the government generally is minus any force of men adequately trained and normally endowed for the work. The only recourse is to ape him who has all along been the idol of the existing city and state fathers—the prize-fighter whose wallop, unlike Gene Tunney's, is not accompanied by activity among brain cells.

There is just one more side of the problem to which reference must be made. The procedure against Miss Sharpe is typical in still another way. It is the relatively poor, simple, unblazoned citizen upon whom the arts of modern sleuthing can be tried most effectively. Mr. Al Capone could have lived to the ripe age of one thousand before the detectives of city and state persuasion would have succeeded in convicting him of so much as drinking a glass of beer. But the records are full of plain, and even honest folk, whom the police have misused as if Magna Charta were a principle in organic chemistry. True though it be that the deeds of ordinary violence emanate from quarters not distinguished by wealth or fame, it is after all not difficult to see that the example set for the unemployed or the idling young to follow is given in places considerably closer to City Hall.

We shall get some relief from the repeal of prohibition. But not much. The safety of American life and property will depend upon thoroughgoing reformation of the civic conscience. This we do not expect to witness in our day. Perhaps the only way out is a bit of Chinese philosophy. Just as the prudent Oriental employs a physician to ward off disease, the American may hire a professional "protector," whose duty it will be on the one hand to forestall the depradations of bandits and gunmen, and on the other hand to ward off the police. For the moment it looks as if the politics of the country are to be remain in control of elements just as venal and just as "dumb" as those suffered for nearly twenty years.

WEEK BY WEEK

AS THIS is being written, the ladies and gentlemen assembled for the Republican National Convention are listening to their first day's oratorical program. Relatively little general interest attaches to what the delegates accomplish, it being a fairly foregone conclusion that the G. O. P. must stand not merely behind Mr. Hoover but for his doctrines. There is, however, a notable flutter over the declaration on the Eighteenth Amendment which the party will be called upon to make, and some gossip about the Vice-Presidential nomination. The wets are vastly stronger than they have ever been, so that Dr. Butler may safely lay claim to the title of prophet honored not merely in his country but even inside his political stamping ground. It is now commonly felt that failure to take a stand for repeal, or at least resubmission, would be equivalent to conceded defeat. On this subject and others, Mr. Hoover will be doing the listening. He has grown so adept at the art of hearkening during recent troubled years that he ought to experience little difficulty garnering the advice offered in Chicago. This, to be sure, is not likely to go very far in the direction of novelty where economic or social matters are concerned. On such subjects the convention bids fair to remain undisturbed by great originality. The personage who, like Theodore Roosevelt or the elder Bob LaFollette, could make the session really interesting is missing now. Beyond any question, the electorate will begin to awake when, the Chicago sessions ended, it is time to discover what sort of appeal Mr. Hoover himself will address to his fellow citizens. It is sufficiently obvious that the President is anxious to be reelected, and quite as certain that another four years in office will give him the "break" which has so far been withheld. That surely means an utterly different point of view from that sponsored during the 1928 campaign; and a man like Mr. Hoover should have learned enough by this time to have something interesting to say.

Mr. Hoover and the Party

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ANCIENT TEMPERANCE talks and ditties are summoned to mind by the startling decision of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to join forces with President Butler, in encouraging the Republican Party to revive the Lincolnian conception of state rights so that the Eighteenth Amendment may be resubmitted to the state legislatures on the condition that these then severally provide adequate measures to supervise the traffic in liquor. Few epistles have created more furore, no doubt because Mr. Rockefeller and his father were looked upon as generous contributors to the support of the Anti-Saloon League. This myth he punctured, to be sure, by explaining that the total assistance given amounted to $350,000; but myths will not be downed by one explanation, and the public has been deeply impressed. Having made a dent of such proportions on the dry armour, it was felt, the crusaders for sanity on the subject of alcohol may shortly expect to dominate the field. Almost immediately thereafter Dr. John R. Mott, Y. M. C. A. chief, announced that he too was for resubmission provided the issue could be kept out of politics. And of course the general wet activity looked more like the big boom for which we have all been waiting than anything reported to date. The rush to stand with what promises to become a movement as popular as vitamin consuming has prompted not a few leading citizens to express their views.

The Face on the Bar-room Floor

THE ROCKEFELLER case is interesting in its own right. Few families have been more traditionally opposed to drink. Teetotalism was a kind of heirloom, dating back to old frontier Baptist convictions. In few other circles was "The Face on the Bar-room Floor" recited with greater fervor. All the Rockefellers hailed the Amendment with enthusiasm, believing sincerely that "the undermining effects of alcohol" would soon be known no more. But today it is their conviction that to this measure there may be traced the following dire happenings: an increase in drinking; two speakeasies for every one-time saloon; a recruiting and financing of lawbreakers, together with a tendency on the part of otherwise respectible people to turn up their noses at law; and an "unprecedented" increase in crime. We have said all this so ofen that it is a pleasure to note the ardor of Mr. Rockefeller's conversion. Abolishing the Eighteenth Amendment is one step in the moral reconstruction of the United States. We are for it, tooth and nail. And yet it is necessary to bear in mind meanwhile that repeal is only one of many needed reforms. Let us not waste our enthusiasm on a detail of the program. While nothing could be cruder or sillier than Dr. Wilson's remark that prohibition caused ten years of uninterrupted prosperity, few beliefs could be more sadly wrong than that legalizing liquor will of itself get us out of the moral and social depths into which we have fallen .

Outside the Walls

WHILE THE Republicans hold the fort of federal office and still successfully guard the valuable, if not always fair, lady of patronage, the Democratic bivouacs shine bravely in the outer darkness. At this time the attackers appear more like a disorganized rabble than an army. Various champions sulk in various tents and the buglers, bulging from different quarters, make a discordance. This of course is altogether appropriate of a party who labor under the name Democrats. It is actually a hall-mark of their high democratic quality. It is an example in fact of that rugged American individualism which the well-regimented enemy confines to a temple to be worshipped by the oracle on appropriate occasions with very weak incense. Republicanism is obviously a system for arriving at agreements; whereas, Democracy, would seem to be in theory a system for permitting violent disagreements to live side by side.

WHILE IT may sometimes appear that one country is not big enough to hold the political ferment engendered by the American party system, we believe we see in disappasionate moments from the top of an ivory tower, that it is very healthy intellectual exercise for the people and without it they would be more like dumb driven sheep than now they are. To blame ecomonic cacaphonies or social disorders on it, is to neglect the equally bad record of tyrannies, or to be deluded by the names under which they disguise themselves. It is our serious contention, that no matter what the political forms and fanfares, faith, hope and charity are the only and all pervasive atmosphere of peace on earth and the only clear air of understanding between man and man, Democrat and Republican, Fascist and Socialist. Accuse us of dealing in glittering generalities, if you will, but we stick to this non-partisam platform, and closing an eye we contemplate all the parish priests, and the hierarchy, the sisters, contemplatives, teachers and workers in hospitals and various asylumns, brothers and devoted laymen, artisans and builders, and men and women of all denominations who labor for faith and hope and comport themselves with charity, achieving a continuity of influence compared to which the political concurrences are somewhat comical, sometimes distressing and relatively insignificant.

Bruening Europe Stops to Think

QUITE generally speaking, the collapse of the government has been accepted in Europe with far less emotion than would have been shown under other circumstances. The Continent as a whole is too deeply conscious of its woes to succumb to any one separate bit of dire news. Of course the French are still on top, and upon what attitude they take very much depends. Nevertheless there are numerous versions of "hegemony;" and the one now in use contains a good many very difficult lines. For

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one thing, the depression is on in the land of Gaul, and a populace which remembers only too well the hardships of the days when the franc was stablized confronts a mounting budget and a declining trade with much more impatience than would otherwise exist. M. Herriot's declaration that war debts must stand means precisely as much as Mr. Coolidge's sage remarks on the same subject, excepting that the French Premier has some knowledge of what he is talking about. If the Germans really and truly refused to pay further and to bear the consequences—which they might not be able to do,—all the oratory in the world would fail to bring in as much as a penny. But Germany has never been more desperately divided than is now the case. The new government is the merest stopgap, and every new day it spends in office is fresh proof that its existence, unless caused by incidents as yet not made public, is a calamitous absurdity.

Educating Revolutionists

TWO BOOKS recently published which deal with the leaders of modern revolutions, or revolutionary movements, throw a rather sinister light upon a rather neglected aspect of our current educational philosophy and processes. Signor Malaparte, one of the Italian Fascist leaders, deals with what he calls the technic of the "coup d'etat." He describes the methods by means of which Trotsky overthrew Kerensky's government in Russia, and those employed by Mussolini in Italy, Pilsudski in Poland, and the late Primo Rivera in Spain. According to this authority, who has participated in revolution as well as being a student of the history, and what might be called the science of revolution, success in overturning any modern state depends no longer, as in the past, upon mass uprisings of the people, but upon the work of a small group of technical experts who know how to paralyze the life of a nation by destroying or seizing control of a nation's technical nerve cells—such as power and light stations, transportation (the main railroad centers), water supply systems, telephone and telegraph communications, and so forth. Then the other forces of the revolution, all working in harmony with the plans of the technical "shock troops," disperse or otherwise dispose of the governmental personnel, and substitute their own control. Such a plan, the author maintains, is being built up by Hitler in Germany, and is being taught by experts from Russia to other revolutionary groups throughout the world. Military and police systems of protection against violent seizure of state power are now superseded.

THE SECOND book, also written by a practical revolutionist, under the name of "Nomad," is more biographical than Signor Malaparte's study. It deals with the the characters of a group of famous revolutionists, including many of those appearing in the Italian's text book of revolution. According to "Nomad," most of the revolutionists who have appeared in modern times are members of the lower middle class, but in some cases they emerge from the illiterate working masses. Very few indeed maintain throughout their careers a concern for the betterment or general welfare of the submerged "under people" with whose support, or in whose name, they launch their revolutions. That more or less altruistic motive is more or less present in all cases, but the dominant motive is in reality the desire of exceptional persons to gain glory, or power, or money, or high positions in society for themselves . So far, "Nomad's" theory's a familiar one. But he opens new ground in attributing to democracy's chief glory, its system of free and universal education—which all democratic nations at least struggle to maintain—the leading part in fostering this special class of educated revolutionists whose activities now threaten democratic social systems, as heretofore understood, throughout the world. Such education, the author maintains, produces a large number of potential leaders than the ordinary organization of society can use. The unplaced individuals thereupon attempt to upset the prevailing order in a way to favor themselves. What "Nomad" does not say, in this connection, however, will occur to at least some of his readers, namely, that it is not so much education in itself that is responsible for this ominous development of its processes, but rather the almost total absence from the larger part of modern state-controlled education of the ethical aims, and the moral training, which only religion is able to supply. At any rate, at this time when tens of thousands of bewildered graduates are facing a disorganized world, and the commencement orators are hard put to it to furnish encouragement and inspiration, we recommend a thoughtful study of the two books in question to those who are concerned with education.

Tenting on the Old Ground

IT HAS been a long time since Washington saw anything to compare with the 12,000 veterans encamped for the purpose of getting some money out of Congress. The spectacle is disquieting, like much else in this harassed time; and it was not merely Senator Moses to whom reflections on Roman legionaries were suggested. While we must repeat our belief that paying out cash bonuses at this time would be nothing short of calamitous, it is necessary to add that the veterans are doing nothing original. They constitute a populist lobby—just a plain tabloid version of the numerous editorials which industry and interest have read day in and day out to Senate and House committees. The sole difference is that the 12,000 are not defraying their own expenses, which is probably just because they are less "well heeled" than sundry other propagandists. Our national scandal—the scandal of endless braying in legislative halls and of interminable reports which testify to a consistent unwillingness to assume responsibility has, therefore, merely produced another sour apple. Had Congress,

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its business sagely accomplished, adjourned a month ago neither this nor other manifestations dangerous in the extreme to the public morale could have taken place. Of course the bonus army will not, as Father Cox of Pittsburgh somewhat rehetorically declared, "stick it out until hell freezes over." But the inhabitants of the Capitol probably will.

Mr. Young's Diagnosis

TWO POINTS were scored by Mr. Owen D. Young in a commencement address at Notre Dame University. Since few men in the country have either his lucidity of mind or his breadth of experience, real interest attaches to what Mr. Young says. The first point is that the origin of the economic disturbance must be sought in the farmer's inability to maintain a desired economic equality with the industrial worker or business man. Indeed, it may have been—according to the speaker—the "semi-governmental" agencies created to aid the farmer which eventually brought the house down. With this view, interesting though it is, we do not concur. While agreeing with Professor Wagemann that the specific causes of the depression are unknown, we nevertheless believe that the sums committed to farm aid were far too small to influence the total catastrophically. The second point, that lack of centralized authority renders remedial action difficult if not impossible, and that therefore the president be outfitted with special emergency powers, is of course commonly made and quite logical. We have a feeling that when the Bruening government used the vague nucleus of Article 48 of the German constitution to build up a code of precedent for emergency executive powers, it established a principle which those nations that refuse to sponsor outright dictatorships may eventually adopt. But who would and could be president of the United States under such conditions? Nor is the recent experience of Germany, which makes a military cabal look like a ruling power naturally evolved from government decrees, so reassuring to the average man as it might be. Even so this suggestion is, one thinks, the most widely entertained and intrinsically soundest of all political measures proposed to effect a change in the existing situation.

The Tax-Payers' Tribune

THERE IS more than local significance, we believe, in the formation in New York City of a Citizen's Budget Commission which is designed to afford a check on municipal extravagance. The plan is sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants' Association and the Real Estate Board. "We have observed," says the original announcement of the formation of the Commission, "the lack of coordination among civic groups and the lack of continuity from year to year in citizens' attempts to procure curtailment of government costs." To remedy this condition, the Commission will employ experts who can follow the bewildering mazes of modern government financing to their ends, and it will seek to work with the director of the budget in preparing the annual appropriations of the city. Heretofore, heads of various civic organizations, largely regarded as special pleaders and self-appointed nuisances without much real influence with the great masses of the public, have appeared at the crowded meetings of the Board of Estimates, and in the midst of contention, confusion and the tacit acknowledgement that the job was already completed and they were there merely to blow off steam, they spoke their little pieces, and so to bed. Of course another commission, if public apathy so dictates, may become just another commission. In the present instance, however, the sensitive pocket book nerve should supply the impulse that would make the public's cooperation with its new tribune effective. Mayor Walker and Budget Director Charles L. Kohler have both welcomed any constructive suggestions towards solving the problem of mounting city finances. The one disturbing anomaly in the situation is that it has been announced that the commission expects to spend about $200,000 a year in its attempt to cut the city's expenses from $20,000,000 to $100,000,000 yearly: in short the cost of making a saving, and that only a hypothetical one, would seem to come high. To raise this money, there will be five classes of membership according to their possibility of benefiting.

ANALYSIS OF DEMOCRACY

THE TIMES are rich in talk of the passing of democracy, which is adjudged ill indeed. Mr. Walter Lippmann has several times opined, of late, that it is plainly headed for either quick decline or galloping consumption. In Germany the last-named disease is apparently in full charge. It may not be amiss, therefore, to reflect a little—and somewhat impractically—on what democracy really is. When Senator Reed avers that "we need a Mussolini," does this mean a waning of all faith in the principles propounded by Thomas Jefferson, or is it merely a case of looking about for a general manager to tide things over until the "people" can carry on without him? Or is democracy merely an idea, which perfumes (as it were) political life without greatly altering the underlying verities?

Now then, to be sure, there is a theory, well established historically, which endows the "will of the people" with absolute authority. This was probably pinned down tight to the actual world by Abraham Lincoln in the declaration that all the people can't be fooled all the time. Mr. Lincoln seems to have been thinking of politics and economics in terms of arithmetic: a given majority might be mistaken, but a consistent and unmistakably large majority couldn't be wrong unless—well, unless we were to be left without any good reason for being sure about anything. And yet, it is only too clear that all the people can be fooled. They all thought, in 1929, that prosperity would endure; they

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are, at present, merely certain that "something must be done."

Nevertheless this is a mild version of the doctrine, to the more ecstatic and quasi-religious forms of which Americans are normally rather immune. The belief that humanity is Divine of essence and progressively reveals more of its august worth in the people as a whole happens to be a point of view too vigorously pummeled by great English satirists to stand much chance in our climate. We are almost certain to think of Dean Swift's remark: "Pray what is Man, but a topsyturvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be?" And there is so much of Blackstone and of Burke in our institutions that the wilder sort of drumming on the democratic tom-tom makes us think of folks like P. T. Barnum. Americans really lack faith in the great modern revolutions. Of course they also lack faith in virtually everything else. In this country allegiance to the democratic ideal, in the sense outlined, is really only allegiance to a vague but comforting "notion" which, like the progress of science and the beneficence of yeast, is a "nice feeling" to fall back upon in hours of pain or stress.

To understand the content of this ideal, one needs to bear in mind what it originally was. The stirring of democratic consciousness against a decaying feudalism was, to a very considerable extent, based on solid truth. Petty courts at which mannerisms blended with brutality; the aristocrat's conception of life as something which could combine deep-rooted materialism with conventionality; princely indifference to moral verities upon which law and order were supposedly founded—these made honest idealists contrast the hollowness of the ruling order with the sober virtues of the people. These virtues were then, in large measure, really in existence. The common folk, trained to stern integrity by both religion and hardship, did possess fine qualities of which the aristocracy had almost lost consciousness. Accordingly the democratic movement could fall back upon a virile moral conviction which was strong enough to assure success. But these good qualities were wholly the result of training. They were not any more inherent in the butcher than they were in the marquis. Perhaps nobody would have thought of saying they were, had it not been that the gift for lending existence to abstract ideas, so characteristic of Latin minds, happened to coincide just then with heretical religious tendencies.

Now the Anglo-Saxon was influenced, to be sure, by these developments and ideas. He wrote a great deal while under the spell they cast; and even today his political comment is often interlarded with perfervid references to them. But he always falls back upon the priceless advantage of a democracy which is another thing entirely. For various reasons, the birth of popular sovereignty in England took place relatively early. It is not far, in the spirit, from Alfred the Great to Magna Charta, and from this to the American Revolution. Professor Chinard, in his great book on Jefferson, has made it clear once and for all that the aims which actuated the author of the Declaration were simply those of a tradition-loving English lawyer. And though the poor of Britain were later on well-nigh overwhelmed by the industrial revolution, which turned whole cities into human shambles, nevertheless the battle for human rights fought from the very beginning had the sympathy and support of virtually the whole intelligence of the nation. In other words: the basis of Anglo-Saxon democracy is a psychology and a law based on centuries of familiarity with the tradition of human rights. And while the United States went farther than did Britain in professing to have found the perfect "form of government," in neither country was the worship of form permitted to become absolute. In both government is visualized as being relatively automatic—that is, as being a device from which the individual expects results rather than methods.

Accordingly when *we* talk of democracy, we mean a very definite thing. We mean the tradition of regard for rights which, difficult though it be to pin down to every specific relation into which human beings may enter, is nevertheless a "community attitude" reflected, for example, in that social generosity which is now frankly the wonder of the world. It is from this point of view that we might very profitably compare our political civilization with that of France or of Germany. In neither of these countries has democracy ever meant what it means to us. And our contemporary criticism, excepting that indulged in by adventures in Communistic or other utopias, has to do only with the *form* of government. To this government we look, as has been said, for results; and we are not satisfied with the results being obtained just now. Can we have these if we maintain intact the existing representative system? Probably not. This system is, after all, by no means the same as that which the fathers planned. It is a modification effected by generations of pioneers who wanted a voice in Washington for this or that venture in which they were interested. Whether historically edifying or not, it has now obviously served its purpose. We need, in this day and age, a federal power responsive to a federal authority—a power cautiously limited and circumscribed in harmony with our tradition, but in its own way a power quick to act and to assume obligations.

To constitute that would not, in any sense of the term, imply a repudiation of democracy. It would as a matter of fact reinforce the now waning democratic instincts and customs. The day on which we go farther —on which we base our hope on some half-baked theory like that of Russian Bolshevists or on the very fine but different practice of the French or the Germans— will be the natal morn of our decline. It is worth while, one thinks, to make these distinctions. To have thought about them is to have realized a little better the peculiar virtue of American history and the eminent value of an ever-living heritage.

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WASHINGTON TODAY

By ANDREW G. HALEY

If time is money, Congress may well be charged according to the present writer with even more staggering expenditures than appear in the budget estimates. While the country at large has chafed under the time wasting of the legislative branch of government in Washington, few persons have understood the formidable mechanics of our bicameral legislature. The torrents of words that disturb the peace of Congress are described by Mr. Haley and he gives, we believe, an excellent, clear picture of what does transpire there, and a simple suggestion for improvement to which the country will no doubt agree.—The Editors.

WE HEAR so much about George Washington around Congress these days that it is almost bromidic to mention his name. There are those of us who honor him above all other Americans, but who are nevertheless distressed by the plethora of his busts, lithographs and miscellaneous likenesses; plays, pageants, pamphlets, songs, dances, brochures, and other reminders at every turn of the way. Withal, it is high time to mention one of the great thoughts he expressed just after he retired from the Presidency.

Washington wrote a letter to Thomas Jefferson telling him that the place of the Member of Congress is with his constituents and that a session of Congress should never exceed two months. His belief was that the true representative must be close to the people whom he represents, and that this is not possible unless he is with his people, feeling the pulse of their daily lives. Issues are created in the real fabric of the nation —not in the nation's capital, which seems at times distant indeed from the life of the nation itself.

From the viewpoint of mere physical capacity, George Washington was certainly correct in his contention that Congress need not remain in session once a year for a period longer than two months. Our national legislature is not only bicameral and thus capable of gravely considering and acting upon several distinct issues in either body at the same time; voting thereon and transmitting the benefit of investigation and conclusion to the other branch. It is also a legislature of committees.

The Senate has twenty-three standing committees. These committees are charged with the duty of investigating and reporting on every conceivable type of legislation, and they are capable of simultaneous action and of concurrent work. For unusual and special exigencies which arise on rare occasions, select and special committees are created from time to time and are given wide investigatory powers and research facilities.

Beside this array of standing committees, there is yet another device under the present committee system for expediting action. Some of the major senate committees have regular standing subcommittees to consider specific subjects, or to whom a certain number of bills are apportioned by the chairman of the committee.

The Senate Appropriations Committee has ten standing subcommittees, each having as its special duty consideration of one of the ten appropriations bills. As an example, on his War Department Appropriation subcommittee, Chairman Jones appointed Reed of Pennsylvania chairman, and Jones, Bingham, Steiwer, Nye, Norbeck, Dale, Kendrick, Copeland, Glass and Hayden. These senators are representative of the leaders in both parties and it is evident an intelligent, prompt hearing could be had before them, followed by a report thereon without delay.

Under the subcommittee organization of the Senate Appropriations Committee, at least two subcommittees can meet simultaneously each day so that two supply bills could concurrently be reported out of committee. Nevertheless, a seasonal adjournment has been delayed because of inaction on the part of the Senate Appropriations Committee in reporting out the various supply bills.

What is the cause of this inaction, and what is the fruit thereof? The cause is ceaseless talking, indecision, and lack of leadership and policy conformable to the needs of the country. The fruit is unrest and great economic injury to the country because people and business know not which way to turn.

Hundreds of thousands of words and thousands of pages of printed committee hearings are available to those governmentally morbid. It is notorious that no benefit results. To insist that this is a government of the people and that everyone has a right to be heard is all very well; but there is no excuse, for example, for petty bureau heads of the Department of Agriculture to descend in swarms upon the Senate Agricultural Appropriation subcommittee, and encumber the record when the Secretary of Agriculture should be the spokesman for his department.

Action of the Senate Appropriations Committee is cited only as an important example. With a defined policy and honest effort and after giving a proper hearing to responsible executives, all supply bills could be disposed of within a month's time at the most.

Problems faced by other Senate committees are less important. An exception this year is the Finance Committee, which has considered the revenue bill. Its vacillation and inaction has been more detrimental to the economic life of the nation than has the Appropriation Committee desuetude. In justice to the latter, Finance Committee delay in working out a tax program was an often-voiced consideration for supply bills postponements. Time was killed in a sort of buck-passing game seeing whether the revenue should meet the budget, or the budget conform to the revenue.

The legislation pending before the other thirty-one

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Senate committees could easily have been determined in the early days of the session. Of the thousands of bills introduced, only a small fraction require public hearings, and most of these can be had before subcommittees. The Foreign Affairs Committee has special subcommittees to consider individual treaties. Eight subcommittees of the Commerce Committee have been in session. Most of the work of the Claims Committee is done by its clerks. Other committees have met only two or three times because no important legislation pended before them.

The House has forty-seven standing committees. These can act even more expeditiously than the Senate committees because they derive their membership from a much larger group, and the exigency seldom arises when the individual member will have conflicting meeting dates, due to membership on more than one committee. Members who sit on major committees, such as the Ways and Means Committee, the Foreign Affairs Committee or the Naval Affairs Committee, are allowed only that one assignment, for the express purpose of avoiding such a conflict.

Thus, while the national legislature is splendidly organized for prompt and efficient action, its maudlin practices defeat this desirable end. Lobbyists force their own will upon committees in the matter of consuming time. The least sign of governmental retrenchment brings hundreds of public officials to the Capitol, where they literally malinger before the committees, most often by force of words defeating the proposed saving for the taxpayer.

Congress held its short session in 1931, but what was the toll of verbiage? The Public Printer reports that "the hearings printed in 1931 filled 73,054 pages, and 357,732 copies were supplied to the respective committees." In other words 26,133,753,528 pages of hearings were run off the public press for the purpose of advising some 531 legislators! This item of printing cost $605,654.05. But we must not forget to add hearings filling 9,776 printed pages for the Appropriation Committee exclusively.

Concerning this last item the Public Printer boasts that "in one night, 695 pages of appropriation hearings were set and read, and 10 proofs made of each page for morning delivery to the committee." He does not venture to say that the members promptly read these 695 pages.

In passing it might be added that during the fiscal year 1931, the Public Printer ran off 5,969,784 copies of congressional publications, and that he supplied Members of Congress with 25,360,900 franked envelopes during the same year free of charge. These figures, of course, do not include some 12,246,218 copies of Farmers' Bulletins for exclusive distribution by Members of Congress.

To arrive at a fair figure for the above services for the current fiscal year, add at least one-third the total amounts thereto. In some instances hearings have already doubled the output of last year.

No man alive can digest even a fraction of this staggering mass of printed words. It would be impossible to assimilate by ear, and too vast to digest intelligently. It is a great, unnecessary waste of time and money.

It is killing dead men to go further into this analysis of the cause of legislative delay. Billions of words and lack of leadership is the answer. A casual glance at the *Congressional Record* will reveal that for the first four months of the present session of Congress, the Senate scarcely took one constructive legislative step, but devoted hours of time and pages of the *Record* to dilatory tactics and discussions. You will find frequent adjournments, short sessions and any amount of jocularity. By a happy providence, the House has rules which guarantee a fair amount of speed in disposing of pending bills—bills which have taken week upon week and quarto upon quarto of hearings to get before the House. But even in the House there is a period of several days, before the final vote on the major bills, set aside for general debate. During these days of general debate scarcely anything is said concerning the bills under discussion, but it is the heydey of political speechmaking for the exclusive benefit of home voters.

It is no secret that a good many members like the life in Washington better than in their constituency. They prefer to remain at an enchanting distance from the voters, in order to avoid distressing occasions for explanation and the personal contact which may enforce action. Many members have, in fact, their permanent home in Washington and go to their constitutency just before election time to keep their voting residence and do their campaigning.

Needless to say, legislation more expressive of the desires of the people would result if the sessions of Congress were shortened and if the members stayed the greater part of the year in their constituency. Members could then form a first-hand opinion on the realities of issues and they would not be the unwitting tools of those highly paid high-pressure lobbyists who exercise a force far more dominating than is realized by the people at large, and a confusion of forces rarely for the commonweal in their final results.

Fish Pond

Here is a place to dream and pass away
  The hours as ripples on the darkling water
That lap and pat the boat, and seem to say
  "This is no time for haste . . . Here linger . . . loiter."
The boat glides like a ghost between the banks
  Of torpid grasses lounging on the breeze,
And like a tawny skeleton of planks
  The boathouse leans between two headless trees.

Here is an hour to sense the earthy peace
  That drowsy birds and sun-drunk bullfrogs know,
And here the harrassed brain may find release,
  Lulled by the languid water's listless flow.
But man must fret, and cast a hook about.
To wreck the heaven of a bass or trout.

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS.

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WOMAN AND THE CHURCH

By FRANCIS P. DONNELLY

IT MAY perhaps be called a happy fault that *Reader's Digest* for January, 1932, page 101, selected for reproduction in a condensed form a small part of a book of nearly four hundred large pages. The book is "How to Be Happy though Human," by W. Béran Wolfe, M.D., director of the Community Church Mental Hygiene Clinic, New York City. Dr. Wolfe, according to the wrapper, "is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine (London), a Fellow of the International Society of Individual Psychology, as well as a member of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology," etc. "Fellow" with a capital is presumably something more than a lower-case "member," and "Fellow" has learned connotations that the simple payment of dues can never give. It must be supposed, then, that Dr. Wolfe has excellence in many branches of learning even though his large book does not always give evidence of it.

One passage which *Reader's Digest* considered worthy of quoting is the following:

> The Church has, of course, been the worst enemy of womankind throughout the ages. A famous Catholic council once went on record in solemn conclave that women did not possess a soul. Women who inadvertently rose above the universal slavery of their sex and developed any wit or sagacity were immediately branded as witches and persecuted as if they were possessed of devils. The philosophy underlying the centuries of witch-hunting and witch-burning was manifestly: how can a woman show any signs of intelligence unless she is possessed of the devil?

Readers Digest omits "of course" and the last sentence of this passage, but retains the "inadvertently," a word which makes us glad for women that their rise was not adverted to. What would have happened in that case, it is gruesome to contemplate.

It was, I think, a happy fault to broadcast this news to the many readers of the *Reader's Digest*. The *Digest,* which skims the cream of many magazines, has a liking for the startling, the "man-biting-the-dog" type of news. On this occasion they exemplify a subtle distinction which a Boston boy gave me at the time of the Spanish-American War. "It is reported," he eagerly told me, "that two gun-boats have been sunk. But," he added cautiously, "I do not know whether it is a fact or only news." The "famous Catholic council" which "once went on record in solemn conclave that women did not possess a soul" is "only news," but by the placarding of this "news," the *Reader's Digest* happily gave occasion to the N. C. W. C. to issue a wide denial, and added another chapter to the history of this myth, a history that I became interested in more than twenty-five years ago.

Here is the fact, as related by Gregory of Tours in his "History of the Franks," VIII, 20 (see translation by O. M. Dalton, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1927, Volume II, page 344). A council was held in Mâcon, in October 585, and, according to Gregory: "At this council there was a certain bishop who defended the opinion that women could not be designated by the word 'man' (*mulierem hominem non posse vocitari*), but he accepted the reasoning of the bishops and said no more." The bishops appealed to Genesis of the Old Testament, showing that Adam and Eve were both called "man," and cited the fact from the New Testament that Christ was styled the Son of Man although He was born of a Virgin.

The historian was not a prophet. The matter did not rest there. The bishop's objection concerned the wording of some law, and he thought that *homo* was not explicit enough. It is indeed true that *homo* includes both man and woman, as the word "man" does in English, but in Latin of the classical period the term was rarely applied to woman alone, and as the derivatives of *homo* in the Romance languages are confined to males, the bishop was witnessing the usage of the people. The French *on* also comes from *homo*, but Meillet thinks that the generic use probably arose from the influence of the Teutonic idiom ("Dictionnaire Etymologique de la Langue Latine").

The question, then, at the council was simply one concerning the wording of a law. There is no decree on the subject of women's souls, but there is one canon, the fourth, which prescribes offerings to be made at Mass by "all men and women" (*viris et mulieribus*). Had this canon read *ab omnibus hominibus*, the legalist bishop might have felt that the women would consider themselves exempt.

When and where the myth arose that the council decreed that women had souls does not seem to be known. The earliest mention I have of the story is in Bebel's "Woman in the Past, Present and Future." I quote from the translation made by Walther and published in 1886. Bebel's book has come out in a new edition recently in England, and is probably the source used by most modern writers. He cites no authorities for any of his statements. Like Draper in his "Intellectual Development of Europe," he writes a partizan essay, makes round assertions and gives no proof for any assertion. Note how he modifies the truth, showing that he is probably quoting second-hand: "At the Council of Mâcon in the sixth century A. D., the question of the soul and humanity of women was gravely weighed and answered in the affirmative by a small majority." The single bishop has become almost half of the nearly seventy members of the council.

In the *Messenger* for 1906, page 302, I discussed several appearances of the myth. In June, 1905, Mr. Henry R. Edmunds, president of the Board of Educa-

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tion, used the myth in an address to graduates at a girls' high school in Philadelphia. Mr. Edmunds's version was: "As late as the fifteenth century there was held in the south of France a council of learned prelates who for two days discussed the question whether woman had a soul or not. At the end of two days they gave this equivocal decision—that woman was a human being." Mr. Edmunds was promptly taken to task by the Catholic Truth Society of Chicago, and he gave as his authority, "Sketches on the Old Road through France and Florence," by A. H. Hallam Murray, accompanied by Henry W. Nevinson and Montgomery Carmichael. Here is the sketchbook version:

> Women should never forget what they owe to the town of Mâcon. My theological friends tell me that it was the Council of Mâcon which decided that women were human beings. The question before the council was whether women had souls. That point was left open, but the subsidiary dogma was fixed forever, and since that council in the middle of the sixth century, it has been quite possible to remain a good Catholic and yet to doubt no more than the rest of mankind that women are practically of the same species as ourselves. It was a great advance, for there was no suggestion at the council that women belonged to a higher species, as subsequent poets have heretically taught.

On January 31, 1906, Professor O. Gourlac of Cornell University, whose French compendium of favorite quotations is now being advertised, declared that "one of the church councils had even discussed the question as to whether women had souls or not and had arrived at a negative conclusion." I do not know the context of Professor Gourlac's lecture. If I did, I might understand why he stated in his version that the council's decrees denied souls to women. All the other versions declare for the affirmative. Dr. Wolfe in the *Reader's Digest* version is arguing, as a loyal Adlerite, that the inferiority complex is the scourge of mankind and that the Church imposed such a complex on women. He brings in the devil and couples up the myth with witch-hunting. Bebel looks to Socialism as the panacea of the world's ills, and the myth for him is a condemnation of capitalism. Mr. Edmunds transfers the myth to the fifteenth century and, it would appear, finds it a condemnation of Catholicism and a proof of the blessings of the Reformation. A. H. Murray and his theological friends find in the myth an occasion for some heavy humor against papal infallibility.

For further chapters in the serial we now come to the *Month* for January, 1911, where Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., with his usual thoroughness gives us some account of the myth in France and in England. "A brilliant French savant, a professor of psychology," made the usual statement and when called upon for proof of the alleged fact, cited vaguely the novelists, Flaubert and Anatole France. Father Thurston arrived, just as I had five years before, through the notes in Dom Leclercq's translation of Hefele's "History of the Councils," at Gregory of Tours's original statement. He replied to a magazine called *Mrs. Bull,* in December, 1910, which had attacked Father Vaughan, citing against him Dom Leclercq as a defender of the myth, when the latter actually denies and demolishes the whole story. Father Thurston's article, learned and complete, discredits *Mrs. Bull* utterly.

Between 1909 and 1914, the "Dictionnaire Apologétique" took up the question (Volume 1, page 1898, article, "Femmes"). The article is written by the historian, Godefroid Kurth, who tells us that some Catholic writers accepted the myth for a fact. In "The Question Box," (page 14, New Edition) Father Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., treats the point briefly, giving references to the *Month* and to Kurth.

Vance Thompson published "Woman" in 1917, and in it, while characterizing others, gives an exact description of his own book. After stating that sociologists and others take an "emotional view" of any amelioration of woman, he continues:

> I do not know that one could expect anything else, for men, as I have said often enough, are incurably romantic, emotional, sentimental; and when it comes to a sputtering soul, it is unquestionably the soul of a scientific man that sputters most furiously.

Elsewhere he states:

> The only history which is indefectibly certain is that which comes down to us by way of myth and legend and symbol. That alone is true.

Mr. Thompson uses our myth to prove that in history woman

> was not a person but a thing. Indeed it was not until the Christian era was nearly six hundred years old that the Church, after grave discussion, decided and proclaimed: *mulieres esse homines*—that is to say, that women were part of the human race. Up to that time the Aristotelian theory that woman was an animal, inhuman and imperfect, prevailed.

Mr. Thompson, it will be noted, is quite as well versed in Aristotelian philosophy as he is in history.

It is quite fitting that we should leave our myth at this point in the friendly hands of Mr. Vance Thompson. "Myth alone is true." It is not only true, but it is very serviceable. The speaker to sweet girl graduates of our enlightened age, the after-dinner wit, the propagandist, the controversialist and a host of others will continue to find the Mâcon myth a very serviceable tale. Dr. Wolfe, the latest narrator, who probably does not believe that anyone has a soul, nevertheless can condemn the Church for allegedly declaring that women have no souls. Dr. Wolfe can find the inferiority complex anywhere and everywhere. Professor Gourlac might hand down his version to our Behaviorist friends. According to him, the Church decided that women did not have souls. Practically every ism in the calendar can avail itself of this very useful story. It is now the turn of the Communists, the gestaltists and the nudists.

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THE RENT IN THE EAST

By PLACIDUS

IN A RECENT issue of THE COMMONWEAL, Augur has submitted a comprehensive and conclusive statement in favor of Poland's claims to the territory which is now commonly called the "Corridor," that territory which drives a wedge between East Prussia and the Reich proper, thus splitting West Prussia and cleaving Germany into two parts. Conclusive Augur's statement is, from the Polish point of view. But there is probably no other political or economic issue in Europe today where the German point of view must be taken into consideration to an equal extent. Polish writers have hardly ever tried to refute the German arguments. Thus Augur has followed exactly the same line of thought as a compatriot of his, Mr. T. Hoinko, the Secretary of the American Polish Chamber of Commerce in the United States, who presented Poland's case in THE COMMONWEAL about a year ago. He makes no further points to prove the justification of Poland's attitude and he does not attempt to refute the German position. Let us investigate whether his statement can bear closer scrutiny.

Augur puts a great deal of emphasis on the historical argument in order to prove the Slavic character of the Corridor territory. He goes as far back as ten centuries, to Charlemagne, and he explains that the land across the Rhine was inhabited, at that time, by heathen tribes, mostly of Slav origin. Archaeology knows these things better. Indeed it has been definitely established that the east of what is Germany today was inhabited by Germanic races as far back as 800 B.C. Many a tangible testimony to support this contention has been unearthed in the old graveyards, especially in the neighborhood of Marienburg and Elbing. Germans settled the whole territory from Danzig as far down as Odessa until they were driven out by the Huns in whose trails followed the Slav settlers. The Langobards and the Marcomans offered a more successful resistance, but eventually the Slavs took temporary possession of the new land which had never been theirs before.

That was about 600 A.D., at a time when Germanic influence and colonization had expanded for almost a thousand years through what is now Danzig, the so-called Corridor, Posen and Upper Silesia. About the year 1200 the Germans regained possession of that territory when the Teutonic Order spread from the Marienburg center to civilize East Prussia during three centuries. Has Augur forgotten that the Teutonic Knights came eastward in 1230 following an appeal for aid by the Polish Duke Conrad of Masovia—and that at a time when many Poles, Lithuanians and other neighboring races were still in the pagan stage? "The westward extension of the Russian Empire was forestalled and prevented by these early pioneers of German and of Roman influence," says Mr. H. W. C. Davis of these crusaders in his book, "Mediaeval Europe." And we have a Polish witness of note, Stanislav Bukoviecki, former Attorney-General of Poland, who unwittingly gives added weight to this statement when he writes, in his book, "The Policy of Independent Poland" (Warsaw, 1922):

> The Germans as a race had settled on these lands in very ancient times, long before the partition of Poland. Subsequently they developed their colonization of the territories in a natural manner, as well as by means of coercion, and they became indigenous to such an extent that whole districts within these territories, especially the larger and smaller towns, became distinctly German in character. . . . They did not regard the conquered territories as an object of economic exploitation, but introduced a rational administration which was advantageous to the occupied territory, since they succeeded in raising the cultural level of the country in all directions.

But we ought to remember that conditions of former centuries cannot be applied *telles quelles* to present-day circumstances. No German would claim the right to reëstablish modern Germany along the frontier lines which prevailed for the empire of famed Barbarossa. This would mean germanizing half of the European continent! Sir W. H. Lecky, the English historian, had this to say in his book, "Democracy and Liberty":

> As a matter of history, all great nations have been formed, in the first instance, by many successive conquests and aggrandizements, and have gradually become more or less perfectly fused into a single organism. Race, except when it is marked by color, is usually a most obscure and deceptive guide, and in most European countries different race elements are inextricably mixed.

Long before the end of the war, in the spring of 1915, another English authority, Mr. C. Ernest Fayle, wrote in his book, "The Great Settlement":

> The delimitation of a frontier [in the east] would be difficult since districts purely Prussian are divided by districts mainly Polish. In such a case as this it is useless to wrangle over ancient history. A district which has been Prussian for centuries, which is today German in speech and sentiment, cannot be claimed for the new Poland on the ground that its original inhabitants were Slavs. The Prussians themselves are largely of Slavonic origin. Northern Germany as a whole acquired its Teutonic character as the result of conquest and assimilation: but where that assimilation has taken place, it is idle to go back to the time of Charlemagne, or even to that of the Teutonic Knights, for racial boundaries. It is existing national sentiment which we have to consider today, not racial origins which have been modified by centuries of history.

And Sir Robert Donald, probably the outstanding English expert on Eastern European questions, adds in

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his book on "The Polish Corridor and the Consequences":

> Counted by years of occupation of the Corridor as between Poles and Germans, there is little difference. . . . To weigh and balance the periods of occupation of territories by the length of years is fallacious. In the middle ages occupation was loose and unstable. . . . The crucial period, when the inhabitants of East and West Prussia were molded very largely into one nationality, was during the last hundred years. . . . During the period of German occupation the territory was transformed from a region of desert and swamps into rich and fertile lands, cities were built up and centers of trade and industry established.

So much for the historical argument. Follows the ethnical one. Augur claims that the people in the Corridor are Polish equally by race and by sympathy, and that the great majority of the population there is not of German stock. The best answer has been given by a French student of the problem, René Martel, who in his book on "The Eastern Frontiers of Germany" has this to say:

> We have been assured that the region of the Corridor was inhabited by a Polish population. We should like to believe it, and formerly there would have been a very simple way of convincing European opinion of the fact, namely, by instituting a plebiscite. This has not been done.

Augur purposely refrains from quoting figures in favor of his contentions because he believes that "the essential principles" are convincing by themselves. I confess to being unconvinced. As a matter of fact any estimate of the racial division in the Corridor is unfair which does not include Danzig as an integral part of the whole territory. As such it has always been considered by the Poles themselves, who made the point at Versailles in support of their request of the formal annexation of Danzig. Now, the last German census for 1910 gave the relation for both Danzig and what is now the Corridor as follows:

Germans	Poles	Cashubes	Bilingual
919,102	555,337	106,598	20,456

If a plebiscite had been held in 1919, the outcome would undoubtedly have been in favor of Germany. In the meantime, however, the polonization of the Corridor has progressed to such an extent—thanks in part to what Augur euphemistically calls the "return" and which in reality was the cruel expulsion to Germany of such residents as refused to accept Polish citizenship—that Germany might be at a distinct disadvantage, if a plebiscite under such forcibly and unnaturally changed conditions were held. Formerly the German population in the Corridor aggregated 1,200,000. It has now shrunk to about 300,000 through the ruthless expulsion of German families and confiscation of their properties, as well as through voluntary emigration. It seems unnecessary to discuss in detail the purport of the Cashubian problem. Both Poles and Germans claim the Cashubes as their kinsmen, but the Cashubes themselves have shown their predilection both ways, according to circumstances. Even if they are included without reservation in the Polish group, the status favorable to the Germans would not have been affected in 1919. Today it can safely be said that the Cashubes are widely dissatisfied with Polish rule and their votes, if a plebiscite were held, would in all probability be against the present régime.

No matter under what aspects the problem is examined, ethnologically there is no standard to be found which would make it possible to draw an exact dividing line between Germans and Slavs. In the frontier zones the population is hopelessly mixed. There will always be a German minority in Polish and a Polish minority in German lands. But the essential thing should be coöperation along the lines of logical unity, economically and politically, not the severance of natural ties of culture and historical tradition through violent divisions of territory. It is in this respect that Poland has sinned, and no economic argument can ever prove the contrary. Poland claims a free access to the sea, and it was President Woodrow Wilson who favored this claim with such intense conviction that he, more than any Polish statesman, contributed to its recognition at the Peace Conference. But it must be emphasized that to President Wilson, access to the sea originally did not mean the appropriation of territory. Rather was he in sympathy with the suggestion, offered by the American Research Committee, of neutralizing the lower course of the Vistula and declaring Danzig a free port. Roman Dmowski himself, who carried on the negotiations in Washington, has testified to this. Only his and Paderewski's energetic efforts at the White House brought about the deplorable perversion of Wilson's original ideas.

Germany did not refuse by any means to accede to the Polish request for a free access to the sea. In June, 1919, the German delegates at Versailles declared the readiness of the Reich to grant Poland free and assured access to the sea, to convert the ports of Memel, Koenigsberg and Danzig into free ports and to recognize that Poland had extensive rights within them. Just as then, the German government is agreeable today to the additional provision of free zones in other German ports, even in Hamburg. Ample guarantees could be given, in the form of international contracts, for the safeguarding of all Polish requirements. This system has proven quite satisfactory in the case of Czechoslovakia, Switzerland and Austria. Why should it not be so in the case of Poland?

Not only is Poland unwilling to consider such a possibility, but many of her foremost political leaders, like Grabski, Dmowski, Smogorzewski and others, look for further territorial aggrandizement through the expansion of Polish sovereignty toward East Prussia and even Silesia. The eastern frontiers of Poland are "as permanently restless as they were in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries," according to Stanislav Grabski (1923); and even more explicitly, Mr. Srokovski,

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former Polish Consul General at Koenigsberg, added: "No sacrifice would be too great which would win East Prussia in one way or another, and draw it into the orbit of the Polish race." All this in spite of the fact that already there are no less than eleven million among the total of the thirty million Polish citizens today belonging to racial minorities (Germans, Ukrainians, White Russians, Lithuanians and Jews)!

The Corridor is an open wound in the body of Europe, as former Premier Nitti of Italy put it, "the worst absurdity in modern history." Arguments and counter-arguments can be presented both by Poles and Germans in favor of the maintenance or of the change of the status quo. There must be agreement, however, that the present state of affairs along the Polish-German borders is obnoxious, untenable and dangerous. Augur refuses even to consider the possibility of a change. For him, "to encourage the idea of revision means to work for war in its most direct and stark sense." Hear, hear! Has not Germany the right to ask for the application of Article 19 of the Versailles Treaty which would give her the chance of a peaceful readjustment of conditions which have become inapplicable? Could not the possibilities of treaty revision be peacefully considered between Poland and Germany in the light of mutual requirements? Germany is not an enemy of Polish independence. "Recognition of the Polish state is an article of German policy," says former State Secretary M. von Rheinbaben ("Que vise l'Allemagne," Paris, 1928). And an authoritative German writer, Dr. Axel Schmidt, in a publication just off the press ("Gegen den Korridor," Berlin, 1932) goes so far as to declare Germany's willingness to submit to a plebiscite even in East Prussia, West Prussia and parts of Pomerania, if Poland agrees to a plebiscitary decision in the Corridor, the Netze district and Danzig.

In other words, the Germans show their willingness to accept a peaceful settlement of this troublesome issue. Augur is mistaken when he says that the Corridor question does not exist in reality. The lopping off of purely German provinces cannot possibly be forgotten by the Fatherland. The rent in the east causes it renewed pains time and again. Shutting one's eyes in face of so troublesome a problem does not bring one nearer to its solution. The Corridor remains the worst danger spot of Europe. For the sake of peace it ought to be removed.

NOW IT CAN BE TALKED ABOUT

By CAJETAN GEER

EVEN at this date, after twelve or more years of war literature, I am not sure that it can be talked about with any authority. Contemporaneous matters are always rather uncertain, and critical judgment of existing standards is always an individual thing. For instance, I doubt very much whether Samuel Butler's contemporaries realized what "The Way of All Flesh" was the beginning of, and whether any American critic has exactly evaluated the poetry of Vachel Lindsay. We know that the stream of war books has been constant. There have been all types—the good, the bad and the indifferent—from nearly all points of view. Some of them have been literature and some garbage. Nearly all of them have been realistic without adulteration yet, strangely enough, romantic. And they have made, in most cases, very popular fiction. These are the observations on war literature upon which, probably, most of us will agree.

The point upon which a disagreement may arise is the degree of influence these war stories have exerted, and the direction in which it tends. No one will maintain very seriously, I think, that America has been reading best sellers whose sole purpose is the dispensation of war propaganda. But another and more vital question is whether these same best sellers have been propagating, with or without purpose, an anti-war attitude among the readers. Pacifists are hoping that war fiction has been doing the work they have wanted it to do. They have advocated telling the story of the World War. They have offered prizes for the best of the novels. The stories have been drafted into the cinema. What has the effect actually been?

Perhaps you may recall, from "Journey's End," a noble young character, a boy fresh from the atmosphere of English prep school life; and you may recall also that very charming character whom the trenches had not altered even slightly, the elderly and heroic officer who, before the call to battle, had taught in a prep school, and who still carried, as his legacy of beauty perpetually new, his copy of "Alice in Wonderland." These two were even more pathetic characters than the besotted captain. And you may remember, from "All Quiet on the Western Front," the pains which the author took to create his antithesis between the schoolroom and the battlefield.

Do you wonder whether youth and its mentors in prep school are seriously concerned with affairs that may precipitate war on a nation? Let me quote part of an excited and anxious editorial by the editor of the *Scholastic,* directed to hundreds of thousands of American students at the time when the Sino-Japanese conflict seemed to be inviting America into rather serious trouble:

> All this [the "next war" for America] concerns the high school students of today. If you haven't thought of it before, now is a good time to realize that the bulk of the actual physical fighting in all wars since the beginning of time has been done by young men between eighteen and

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> thirty. It is youth who man the trenches and the submarines. It is youth who do the dying. It is youth whose legs are blown off, whose eyes are blinded, who wade through muck and horror and cruelty that leave scars more lasting than any to the body. What is the matter with Europe today? At bottom, just one thing—that an entire generation of young manhood, containing the keenest brains, the fittest bodies and the bravest and most generous spirits of a dozen nations, was blotted out of existence fifteen years ago.

In the same issue, ironically enough, if you will, Louis Bromfield writes a sketch of himself and quietly implies that he was fighting with the French army in the World War at the age of nineteen. Do you wonder whether youth in prep school is seriously concerned with fighting in wars?

Whatever may be said of the attitude of the younger generation toward classic literature, this much is certain—that war literature is their *pièce de résistance*. Some of the young men I instruct read Joseph Lincoln, and some of them read Christopher Morley, and most of them read Sabatini and Willa Cather, but all of them read the fiction of the war. They are saturated with it. I know one lad of nineteen who spent his entire weekly allowance for a copy of "A Farewell to Arms" two days after its appearance. And I know another young fellow who wrote home for a copy of Faulkner's "As I Lay Dying," merely on the inference of its title. The average age of these boys whom I know well enough to write about is eighteen, but many of them are older. They are not exceptional in any way. They are not the sad victims of the popular abnormalties of youth. They are not pretentious, nor affected, nor maniacal with a desire for new thrills. They are very human and very normal. Their home environment has been good; their intelligence is on the upper side of mediocrity. But there it is. Hergesheimer can speak of a disillusioned, hard, young, post-war Berlin; but there is no hard, young, post-war America any longer—unless you want to call thirty-eight young.

If you wish to find the literary names that are exalted above others in the minds of young men in a prep school, merely consider the minor poets produced by the World War. The names of Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, Joyce Kilmer, John McRae, and even Siegfried Sassoon despite himself, have almost become legends among them. They have memorized "In Flanders' Field," "Rouge Bouquet," "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," and other fragments of the same type of verse, either through routine in the lower classes or through a personal desire; and they show admiration and pleasure when they read such things as Kilmer's statement in his letter from France that it was "the pleasantest war I ever attended." They like to think of Alan Seeger sitting on a curbstone in a harassed town of France, and writing a letter to his mother. Every page of war literature that they come across, no matter how drab or disgusting it may be, they color unknowingly. The picture of a pitifully boyish soldier, clinging all day to a barb-wire fence and packing back his entrails while the shells scream over his head, cannot terrify them nor dampen their ardor very long. If war authors thought to frighten the lads that may grow up to be cannon fodder, there is no sign that they have accomplished their purpose.

Why? Has Ernest Elmo Calkins, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1931, under the title "My Country, Right or Wrong," answered the question? He lays the blame upon a century-old tradition of smug patriotism—the reiterated legends, as he would imply, of Nathan Hale and Molly Stark and Washington and Lincoln, and the sad example of "The Man without a Country." There may be a certain truth in his ideas; but I prefer to consider, as the cause, a cultivated and exaggerated romanticism.

The authors of our war literature have not written dispassionately enough. They themselves have chosen, or they have allowed their publishers to choose, titles that are glamorous and romantic. They have told the truth too well, and with too much feeling. They have made a center of study out of the ordinary soldier. They have forgotten *not* to look upon war as the great adventure. And if they have made an appeal to the young to remain sane, they have forgotten that before them has come the influence of the young war poets who have begged the young to be brave and true, who themselves have gone to the wars with a smile on their lips and who have died with the smile only a little faded. The young men that I know are anxious to defend the same romantic tradition. You can take me seriously or not, but they are hoping eagerly that any embryonic war in sight will not fail to blossom. During these days, they are giving more than ordinary attention to the portraits that line the walls of the study halls—the portraits of the young men who left these very halls about fifteen years ago to answer the summons to battle—the young men who did not return.

War literature in itself is not to be blamed. It has simply failed in one of its functions. In most cases it has been true to the cruelty and stark reality of the war, but somehow the impression has not been the intended one. There may be one notable exception. The readers of the *Saturday Review of Literature* must have found Christopher Morley's review of "The Road Back" amazingly laudatory. He found it superior to Remarque's first book. His comments were sweeping —"everybody should read this book." An intelligent critic like Morley knows the value of words, and the none too happy consequence of superlatives in the review of a merely mediocre book. But after finishing "The Road Back" I understood his meaning. This is one book, at least, that has hurt war. And the reason is that it never sparkles, not even in its title.

But most of the war fiction strikes a different tone. It makes no difference how those who are "too old to fight" look upon the story of smoke and battle; those who are young and impressionable still find abundant romanticism between the lines.

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I am reminded of the lecture John Galsworthy delivered last year on the very broad topic, "Literature and Life." He made no mistake about his topic title; it was watertight. Therefore like all good British lecturers he could afford to spend twenty minutes in discussing our American slang, ten minutes in telling a story about a sergeant and a goat at Gallipoli, fifteen minutes in making observations on our machine guns (I mean the urbane kind), fifteen more minutes in justifying his severity on Soames Forsyte—and the remainder of the two hours in discussing the horrors of the next war. I suppose that the machine gun, and the slang, and the sergeant and the goat, and Soames could very well be classified under the all-embracing category of "life," and the details of the next war could be placed under the category of—well, let's say "life and death." The literature did not matter. Galsworthy's voice and manner and rhetoric unobtrusively supplied that. But I think that the capacity audience was dissatisfied with the way the lecture turned out. (After all, nobody pays money to listen to evidences that war is unjustified.) Yet he must have convinced them that literature and life and war are inseparable during these days of uncertain militaristic weather. His words were not born of the high fever of personal experience. He was reproducing no nightmare, nor was he bothered by a sense that he must express the emotions that troubled him. And that is why Galsworthy's cold, unattached attitude was so convincing.

I have no recommendation for war propaganda, either one way or the other. I am still merely observing. But I feel that if we look for the cause of the romanticism that youth invariably finds in war literature, despite the attempt of the writers to be realistic, we shall find it in the writers themselves. They are too much a part of the great mood. They have not yet learned how to transplant their own fire and have it consume the desired objects. They have not learned how to detach themselves. I doubt that they ever will.

THE MYSTERY OF LOUGH DERG

By JOHN J. O'CONNOR

IN THE county Wicklow a party of tourists, with the solemn concentration that attends immemorial customs, were walking around a wishing stone. This was my second day in Ireland and I was making my three wishes with frowning fervour when our guide remarked: "It's a bit like Lough Derg, isn't it?" As most of us laughed very heartily, I put the place down as an excellent amusement resort.

As I wandered up the West Coast I asked several people about it. To a young man of twenty-five on his first visit to Ireland and enjoying himself tremendously, the reports were far from encouraging. Saint Patrick first came to Lough Derg, I was informed, about the year 445. For almost fifteen hundred years the holy Island, sanctified by this visit of the great saint, has been frequented by penitential pilgrims from all parts of the world. The copy of the *Standard* wherein the Irish Nuncio told not only of our Holy Father's desire to visit certain places in Ireland, to examine certain manuscripts, but above all, to have the opportunity of making the pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, was proudly presented to me. The Nuncio continued: "The Pope said he knew a great deal about pilgrimages in different parts of the world, but as far as he knew the only place of pilgrimage which kept up the real old fashion, the real spirit of pilgrimage without any modern atmosphere of *tourisme de luxe* was the holy Island of Lough Derg."

Pain, penance, mortification! They told me of having to walk around without shoes, of the long fast, and other equally unpleasant things. But what impressed me most of all was the evident happiness they all derived from the mere recollection of their brief stay on this unique island. I simply could not understand it. It was as if someone had jokingly told me of burning his hand—and then wanting to burn it again.

I debated this mystery all the way up to Silgo. Of course, I assured myself, I was *not* going to Lough Derg. The name haunted me. It seemed to follow me everywhere. Whenever I talked over my rambles with a chance acquaintance and mentioned that I had climbed Croagh Patrick, the reply was always the same: "Aye, very good. But you should go to Lough Derg." Something told me that squirm, argue, fight and pity myself as much as I pleased, I was going to make that pilgrimage—and I did.

I took out of my pocket a large wrinkled, crinkled, battered, tattered piece of paper—my Irish tourist map, if you please—and set about to locate Lough Derg. I found it in the far southeast corner of county Donegal, very close to the Northern Ireland frontier, and within a stone's throw of Bundoran, Ballyshannon, Donegal town (what music!) and Enniskillen, where I happened to be at the moment.

Let me first say that I am one of the very worst pilgrims ever to visit St. Patrick's Purgatory. The short journey from Enniskillen was not begun in anything even closely resembling the proper pilgrim spirit. I slept very late that first morning. Remembering also what I had been told of the long fast, I ordered a large breakfast. Everything I possessed was put into my big hand-trunk. In every possible way I attempted to accomplish this novel experience in the easiest and most comfortable manner.

With a deep sigh of resignation I left my snug hotel and hailed one of the small local buses. In no time at all it was filled to its utmost capacity. When we finally reached Pettigo, the driver got out twice and disappeared into an office. He came back with some sort of paper in his hand (there being no customs examination at this frontier station) and skilfully guided his ancient vehicle through the barricades and out one of the loneliest roads I had then seen in all Ireland. A solitary cottage every mile or so. The rest was silent desolation until we came to the lonely lake itself.

On one of the small islands an enormous church filled the eye. I saw it all of a sudden and it took my breath away. It made me immediately wonder how it was ever successfully constructed, since every stone and every piece of machinery had, of necessity, to be ferried over from the mainland. Such a church would have attracted attention in any crowded American city; but to see it out there in the middle of the lake, part of it having been built over the lake itself, its great dome and golden cross flashing in the sunlight, positively stunned me.

When we reached the island, my first impression was that all the people on it were a little mad. Barefooted they all were, of course, walking aimlessly about, or chatting in small groups with their feet hidden in wollen blankets. Some of them were nodding and blinking in the strong sunlight, while others were obviously fast asleep, in the most awkward positions, as if they

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had not intended to go to sleep at all. I heard several peals of laughter, but whether my big hand-trunk was the cause of all the merriment I do not know.

As we passed up the short lane that leads from the pier to the church, I came upon those penitential pilgrims actually engaged in doing a station. The whole scene was a page of Dante's "Purgatorio" come to life. My own Virgil led me into the men's hostel and up a narrow flight of stairs to a cloakroom where I slowly prepared myself for the coming ordeal.

"We'll do two stations and return here for something to eat before doing the third," suggested my Irish guide with a broad smile.

"How do you do a station?" I asked him.

For reply he pointed out a small booth where religious articles were sold. It was there I bought a penny guide, read it through rapidly, and immediately joined the other pilgrims of my party.

In something more than two hours I completed two stations and went in search of Virgil. I found him patiently smoking a cigarette and together we went into the dining-room and found places at the long table. Some black tea (with sugar) and some ordinary white bread were put before me. I didn't think I deserved this meal so I explained to Virgil that I had had a very hearty breakfast before leaving my hotel.

"What a pity you did not know the rules and regulations," was his sympathetic comment. "You should have come fasting to the island. Now you will have to begin all over again!"

I stood up suddenly and left the table. Once outside I wandered down to the pier, the most thoroughly depressed individual in all Ireland. Nothing had been accomplished. All that good, hard penance had been, as it were, completely wasted.

It was a long time before I was myself again and made arrangements for a meal and bed for the night. I ordered steak and onions—and two eggs were set before me. Just before I climbed into bed I heard the rain beating against my window and the far-away chant of pilgrims in the church. Virgil would be there and about three hundred others.

The next morning (the first actual day of my pilgrimage) I completed one station and then went into St. Mary's Church. Before the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour I prayed one prayer. I repeated it many times: "Mother of God, let me finish it! Mother of God, let me go through with it!" Over and over, I prayed.

After my second station I had the one meal a day allowed pilgrims—black tea and bread—and rested for an hour by the turf fire. About a dozen Irishmen, the salt of the earth, were gathered around it, having a great laugh at the expense of our early morning "boullion"—hot water with a pinch of salt or pepper. I reluctantly left them to begin my third and final station for the day, making the four circuits of St. Patrick's Church and five circuits of the penitential beds. Then at ten o'clock we began our all-night vigil in the huge new church.

It was cold in the church. Shortly after midnight I took off my light top-coat and wrapped up my feet as best I could. Very soon every part of me was cold except my feet, so I had to put on my top-coat again. As three o'clock approached, people began to nod and drop their rosaries.

On the second day our only duty was to go to confession. There was a reason for our silence as we sat around the blazing turf fire and fought to keep awake. A telegram arrived for one of the men. His daughter had been taken seriously ill. He said a few words, dressed hurriedly, and was gone. The best motor routes were explained to him. He nodded several times but I know he wasn't paying the slightest attention. His daughter was dying in a small town near Cork. So our prayers that morning were for that poor girl and for a man who would be driving furiously south.

About mid-afternoon another boy and myself decided that since the rules did not forbid us having toast, we would toast our bread. The other men enthusiastically endorsed the idea, so it was nearly two hours later that we finally surrendered our toasting forks and sat down with ten pieces of carefully toasted bread beside us. Then I found that I couldn't eat the toast nor drink the black tea. At nine we rushed for our beds.

We were up again at six and took our places in the church just as Mass was about to begin. It was our last day on the island and I was glad that the pilgrimage would soon be over. It was not until I received Him into my soul that all my petulant weariness vanished and an answer to the tantalizing mystery of Lough Derg was at long last granted me.

It is extremely difficult to give adequate expression to the wild, tumultuous joy that surged through us in that sacred moment, changing the face of the world, and raising us to the stars. It was necessary to make two more stations before leaving the island. Gone forever, however, was our slow, painful, calculating hesitancy as we circled the church and moved around the penitential beds. We walked with heads erect, shoulders square, our hearts singing a loud Te Deum to the gentle Companion who shared our petty cross.

Shoe leather once again!

My friend the toast-maker was twenty and I, his assistant, twenty-five. There was no restraining us. Arm in arm we loudly tramped the whole length of our hostel about a dozen times. We sang Irish ballads and kicked our luggage. Then we went outside and walked around the church at a fast pace. Before the entrance we paused and pointed out to each other the particular spot that had caused us the most trouble. Having tried to crush those blessed stones into the ground, we marched proudly down to the pier and back again.

"There should be a strict rule of silence," observed the toast-maker.

"You are quite right," I heartily agreed, lighting a cigarette. "Smoking should also be prohibited."

Every available boat was needed that morning. About four hundred of us left the island at the same time. I secured a place in one of the smaller boats—not in one of those mamoth things that carry a hundred and fifty people. Back in Enniskillen I broke my fast on black tea and bread and was sorely tempted to remain awake until midnight when the fast would be over and the pilgrimage finally completed.

No, I'm not going to tell about the wonderful breakfast I ordered the next morning!

NOTES FROM FLORIDA

By DOROTHY DAY

YOUNG Teresa and I have moved our place of residence again and are visiting my mother in Florida. Florida is like the garden of Eden, and "Let us stay here always," Teresa says.

It is not a Catholic country—as Mexico or even New York, is Catholic. There are only four Catholic churches in Miami and the vicinity. One is in Coral Gables, three miles away from our house. This Church of the Little Flower is set in the midst of oleander, mango and grapefruit trees. On the next block to it is a large coeducational school in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and here Teresa goes to school. In the kindergarten (Teresa is now five) the children learn to read and write and do simple sums. Teresa has been going to

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school for a month now and can read four pages of her primer.

As I write, big black storm clouds are rising in the south. To the east, through the open French doors, the sky is delft blue with little feathery clouds. The Florida pines rear their plumed masts to the sky, and under them, dotting the open fields, are seedling pines, bright green. There is a heavily wooded hummock at the end of the road, and only one house in sight, surrounded by scarlet crotons and a field of tomato plants. The sun comes from behind the clouds, shining brilliantly, but there is always the noise of the wind which has kept up now for months. Everyone says, "In September or October, the hurricane season, we would all be worried to hear such continuous wind."

A quarter of a mile away is Coconut Grove, the colored town, where the little frame houses are so thickly surrounded by royal poinciana, strangler fig, mango, orange, grapefruit and other low-growing trees, that one can scarcely see them. Overtopping the other trees are banana palms and coconut palms. Most of the colored churches are called Churches of God, and on Sunday nights we often hear the gay singing from the nearest of them. We stopped one night and sat outside to listen, and I was sorry that I did not have Teresa with me to see the little girls dancing back and forth with babies in their arms.

I saw nothing to repel me there as one often is repelled at camp meetings of white people. It was a song meeting pure and simple, and occasionally the singers would get down on their knees and, burying their faces in the seats of their chairs. One fat old woman dressed all in white called out, "Praise God cause Ise got salvation." An old grey-haired Negro echoed her. A little girl piped up, "Praise Jesus for coming and saving us." And others called out their thanks.

Then someone started a hymn and the piano, the drums, the tambourines, the shuffling feet, the clapping hands, and the voices of men, women and children took it up. The rafters rang as the worshipers sang and danced. It was gay!

Toto is the old colored woman who works for my mother. Two weeks ago her eighteen-year-old daughter, Evelina—one of eight children—died. My mother and three other ladies for whom Toto works, went to the funeral on the following Sunday. It was held in the little Spanish-style Episcopal church down on Hibiscus Avenue. The gowned minister, the little boys with censers, the leader of the choir carrying the cross, and the choir of men and women and little boys waited outside under the mango trees until the funeral procession came down the street. The white coffin was covered with flowers, and on either side walked men in black and girls in white, carrying wreaths of real and artificial flowers. Then came Toto dressed all in black, with a black crepe veil; her husband, a skilled mechanic and son of a white man; Frank and John who work as housemen; Alfred who is married; the two little boys, R. J. and Eli; and the one remaining daughter, who is married, and her five children.

They all entered the church, which was filled to overflowing. The singing was impressive, the deep bass voices of the men in the choir booming out all over the church. The service went on with quiet dignity until after the sermon, when the choir was again singing. Night was falling outside. All day the sky had been an indigo blue, and intermittent showers had laid the dust and intensified the tropic colors. Through the deepening gloom of the church a wail started, a howling from Toto's daughter who remained. Toto joined in, wailing too as she swung back and forth, swaying in her anguish.

When I came downstairs at seven the next morning, Toto was lighting the pine-log fire in the field to boil the clothes. She had not eaten nor slept for two nights and days but she wanted to work: it was a relief, she said. When I put a big lunch in front of her at noon, I sat talking to her so that she would forget she was eating and the food would not choke her.

All the Saturday night that Evelina died, they sang, Toto said, as they sat around her bed. There was Frankie, her most loved brother; her father; the minister from the church; and her two little brothers, R. J. and Eli. Every now and then R. J. and Eli went out to nibble at the fudge which I had sent over to Evelina the week before. The tuberculosis had gone to her throat and she had said that it helped, to suck on the sweet candy. But she would not want it any more, R. J. and Eli thought, and they had been very considerate before.

Toto sat out on the dark porch. Overhead the moon flickered through the leaves of the poinciana trees, and the rustling of the dried pods of the tree, which hung in yellow festoons during the day, sounded like the clapping of many hands.

Each time she went into the house, into the bedroom just inside the door, Evelina said, "Have you given me up yet, mother?" And Toto said, "No. I can't give you up."

Then Evelina said, "Go and talk to the Lord, mother, and see if you can't give me up. You are keeping me here and I want to go." So Toto went out on the porch again and sat in the cold moonlight and talked to God.

Finally when she went in, Evelina said, "Mother, have you given me up?" And Toto said, "Yes, child, I have given you up to the Lord." And so Evelina went to sleep, and in her sleep she died.

As I listened to Toto talking of Evelina, and of the children who are left to her, I thought of the dense gloom of that little porch, which is in reality but a platform since the porch blew away during the hurricane of 1926. I thought of the overhanging trees, of the seventeen avocado trees which Toto's children had planted around the house. I thought of the happiness that little house has seen and the misery it now contains. I thought of those night hours on the porch, and I heard again that awful wailing in the church. "But it is God's will," Toto said, getting up from the table, her eyes strong and shining. And she went back to her ironing-board set up outside in the western sun.

COMMUNICATIONS

LAY THOMISTS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: The article by Father Schwertner on "Lay Thomists" contains some notable errors. These are for the most part misinterpretations arising from what would appear to be an untutored faculty of judgment. Characteristic is your contributor's evaluation of the work of the old English Dominican province. The dishonorable dismissal of so many generations of English Dominicans from the Thomist gallery in the hall of fame, is somewhat drastic. Of course it is difficult to say just what constitutes a "first-class Thomist." It would be as hard to become a great Thomist as to become a great Lincolner or a great Gladstonian. Pools lying in the shadows do not shine; whilst flattery is an ill sphere in which to distinguish oneself. But accepting Thomas Sutton, O.P., as Father Schwertner's measure of a "first-class Thomist," I think I ought to recover, for Dominican prestige, men like William Hotham, Robert Orford and that likable and redoubtable, if decidedly meddlesome, ultra-patriot, Robert Holcot. *En passant,* let me call attention to Father Bede Jarrett's sketch of the province, where it is claimed that in bulk and numbers, the French and

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English Frairs were leaders of Dominican thought; an unpalatable dish for Father Schwertner, as out of bulk and numbers must have come a few that might be allowed to travel "first-class" on the Thomist consolidated lines. Though Father Schwertner may not know it, Cardinals William Macclesfield and Thomas Jorz were early in the field against Kilwardly, the Archbishop of Canterbury (himself a Dominican, so sane his brethren considered him a lunatic); and there were others no less renowned as Thomists, small frogs in a big puddle, but all of the stature of Thomas Sutton.

The more general denial to England at large of having produced no Thomist of consequence, is rather naive, since there were in England Thomists before Thomas, and if we must make specific mention of one, let it be of Alexander of Hales, the founder of the system.

Father Schwertner is not very happy when analyzing the mind of the Englishman. He starts a-wondering most unnecessarily about lack of healthy comment on the Angelical. The Englishman, whose concern is with ideas rather than labels, strikes here not often, but he strikes true. In 1914 Great Britain, right or wrong its reading of the crisis, unsheathed its sword, at least avowedly, not to slice impotently through the pages of Nietzsche, but to cut down the superman; and if the knight-errants of Anglo-Saxon thought do not find the Thomist windmill to charge, maybe it is because Duns Scotus, that ill-advised iconoclast, had been playing in its vicinity with gunpowder; and Celt or no Celt, the Venerable John had been fortified against the Parisian contagion, by a timely inoculation with English serum, at Newcastle. Father Schwertner would get thrills by reading the name of Thomas, where the saint himself would be most self-effacing; or can it be that in his numerical complex, our Boswellian eulogist is akin to the little London urchin who invariably accepted the big round penny, in preference to the tiny silver sixpence?

There is, however, an explanation of the mediaeval silence, which intrigues me. The Merrie Land had been in an auspicious moment by a flight of imagination apportioned as the Dowry of Mary. The Franciscan, in consequence, came to be more highly regarded by the people with whom hyperdulia had come to be the hall-mark of genuine *amor patriae;* and the call of Saint Thomas did not come to them as a clear call, through the fog of the "universality of Redemption" mix-up.

A sorry comparison that, between Latin orderliness and what I presume is Anglo-Saxon slovenliness. Possibly your correspondent considers that the law-abiding quality of the English and the mathematical lay-out of American cities constitute too rigid an order to be order in the sense that the primitive and riotous manner of living in Calabria, or the modern French tenacity to an unreal realism, are order. But restricting ourselves to the sphere of mental activity, there is actually nothing so disorderly as laziness. Recognizing this, England is accustomed to release from the ordinary conventions her creators, whether of philosophy or literature, for the time being, else G. B. S. and G. K. C., how come they? And even the standardized American Saxons have ugly ducklings like Vachell Lindsay; whilst there was very little that was "incurably pragmatic and utilitarian" when this "dollar democracy" responded so nobly, as one man, to the immortal appeal of that most ideal of idealists, the late Woodrow Wilson.

Father Schwertner is even less successful in seeing his own Thomism as against its proper background and in its correct perspective; and again, in viewing in a sober light the Angelic Doctor himself, with his contribution to the system which wears his name as self-consciously and embarrassed as does the Western Hemisphere that of Vespucci. In other words, my point is, that when exhorted to follow "the lines laid down by Saint Thomas," we are being asked more often than not, to watch the plate-layer do a small repair job on the metals constructed by Alexander of Hales, or (changing the metaphor) being invited to listen in whilst Thomas with his hammer tests the axle-tree forged by another.

Switching back to the system itself. Of recent years, there has been too much of Thomas for his own sake. Unless somebody can paint Thomas as he is (and in the company of Albert, Alexander, Roger Bacon, Bonaventure and Descartes, he does not tower so, is not so stalwart), we will soon have allegiance unqualified to Thomism as the price of an "Imprimatur." Already the super-adulation has led to phenomenal outpourings from Paris and Louvain, which have opened the eye of the non-Catholic to the inexhaustible number of spellings of the word around which we have thrown such an atmosphere of awe. But it all goes to show how we have come to confuse Thomism with the deposit of faith, past and future, without making clear to what a small extent the two are involved.

In the light of the above, it would be idle to discourage upon the more obvious interchangeability in the modern mind, of Thomism and Scholasticism, when the few reasoning men that are, realize that Thomas is no more Scholasticism than Shakespeare is English literature.

In short, why allow Christian philosophy to go under the constant alias of Thomism? It was said seven hundred years ago, and it may be said today, that you cannot harness Divine Truth to a single mind. Let truth be the measure of Thomas, but why in the name of common sense allow Thomas to be the measure of truth. And when discussing the Angelical or Augustine or Anselm, or all three, remember that they, in a Church ever hungry for help against the heretic and regarding the above individually as ragged and scanty fare, are like Mother Cary's chickens upon the broad and boundless waves of Christian thought. The Church was built not on a philosophy but on faith, and no one mind's findings will serve as her prop against the faithless hosts of "thinkers," whose sole instrument is the very unsteady mind-unaided; and what Plato, Aristotle, Boethius, Kant and the rest together could not accomplish, Thomas alone will not. And in 1854, the Church herself became the greatest critic of blind Thomism.

But speaking of cold-heartedness and indifference—what will Father Schwertner say about the world-wide neglect of the Franciscan Schoolmen? How many of Father Schwertner's companions in arms, for instance, have ever read these men in the original? Yet the "Reformers" knew the power of Duns Scotus at least, when they ordered the destruction of his folios. Was it that Cranmer saw what we cannot even see dimly? Is it not sufficient for us that Duns threw a halo of stars around the head of our American patroness and laid the moon at her feet? Is it not enough that this man identified for us the woman of the Apocalypse? Or must we wait until his works are tied with the inevitable tally of doctorization?

For many years now, we have been giving Saint Francis of Assisi a place in our hearts next to that of Christ Himself, and have tried after our own fashion to walk in the light of his undying and simple philosophy of life; yet when the gem is polished, it looks too bright to be the genuine article; and we fail to recognize the poor troubadour of Christ in the scientific language of the giant who found humility a not distasteful dress.

Scotus was the most poetically-minded of all the philosophers. He was the Browning of thought, and hitched his wagon to the stars. With a splendid isolation, as later did Descartes, he

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withdrew from the court of the "queen of the sciences" and, refusing her aid, endeavored to build a kingdom of his own, that should be the friendly ally of theology without being its tributary. He failed, but his was the most signal failure of all time. He was to discover that philosophy cannot earn its own living in one mind, but in the light of what he taught us, we have learned that philosophy need not be the dormant mere that is Neo-Scholasticism.

And yet Scotus today is the most tragic figure in Christian philosophy. After filling in many gaps, his system suffered from a weak opposition and died the avoidless death, to be buried, in the century of revolt from right reason, by the side of the mate which had long predeceased it. Recently exhumed, it has appeared to the modern mind as enigmatic as the sphinx, and its stilly tomes await the informing breath of a more understanding generation. But God forbid it may ever strut in the unreal brilliance which has been flood-lighted on Thomism! In the renascence which some day will be its own, may it never be taken except for what it is, like Thomism, one, and one only, of the missing parts which only partly fit into the puzzle that is the inquiry into the ultimate causes of things.

But if Scotus is not Scholasticism, neither is he Franciscanism, and by no means its whole action. There is no Franciscan School as such. True to the character if not the outlook of their founder, the Friars soon began to cut philosophical as he had cut spiritual capers. They discovered Aristotle in an Arabian setting, but were wary of the dangerous magnetism, which eventually entrapped the Dominicans; the folly of whose too-ready committal to this second-hand philosophy, the English grey Friar afterward rationalized by showing the Peripatetic in his native garb. So attired, Aristotle looked more imposing and the Dominicans after all did not look so Gilbertian in their allegiance. The Order of Preachers breathed a not very thankful relief to the author of these marvels.

Roger Bacon was as impossible a man to his own day as was Galileo to a century which lacked imagination. He received small gratitude for bringing the real Aristotle to warm his hands at the Christian hearth. The Stagirite in the flesh looked less friendly out of his Oriental costume and the Franciscans, quick to see, decided that Plato and Augustine were not so repugnant after all. But as I attempt to show later, the Dominican was already handcuffed and was unable to flee.

That the old prejudice against Roger dies very slowly, was brought home lately by the unhappy experience of a modern confrère, who was surprised beyond description to hear the greatest of Catholic scientists referred to most slightingly (and petulantly)—"tell it not in Gath"—on the campus of our own Catholic University. Bacon, uncanonized and unlikely ever to wear the aureole, and his stock unsupported by and adrift from gold, had like sterling been rising on his own merits; but rising too fast, apparently, for this self-appointed arm-chair critic, whose petty sally, no doubt, had as its purpose the pegging of Roger at the old estimate of Albert the Great, whose remark the acclaim of the ages has rendered amusing.

Reading further into the pages of Franciscan history, or the history of philosophy for the matter of that, we discover terrific energy generated by the untrammeled freedom of Franciscan thought. Unprepared is the modern Friar to defend Nominalism, but whatever the worth of that system, it belongs to the assets of Franciscan enterprise.

Then, if, not content with much already done along the road of Peripateticism, these same Franciscans trembled temporarily to the pole of Augustinianism, it all came of the great fiasco of Paris. Exploring the road just closed officially to the Dominicans, they came upon the mansion of Augustinianism and taking the "to let" sign at its word, took up a very desirable residence there.

But nothing is more inaccurate than to describe the Franciscans as either Platonists or Aristotelians; they were eclectic; and furthermore, they were imaginative. But in these days of the exaltation of Thomism, it is stimulating to the Minorite to recognize under the wreath and veil of honor not the least lovely of the children of the Franciscan genius; and though adopted in childhood (beyond which it never grew unrecognizably), by an order which is cousin-german to its own parent, it must be remembered still as the most fragrant flower of the Franciscan spring.

Augustine has been mentioned. Why should the Bishop of Hippo be the boy-man of the modern Scholastic, who cannot even be sure of his own Thomist position, without examining Augustine seriously. Give the Angelical his traditional place—"a little less than the Angels"—but why flout him, whose eagle spirit soared, if it did not find foothold on some mountain fastness. Something must have been seen in an adventurous trip into the upper strata of the spiritual atmosphere.

The claim made for the English translation is extravagant. The average convert is led to the door of the Church through the philosophy of the reasonable man, which Mr. Belloc has reduced to a formula.

But how come to us the converts of the Oxford Movement? Oh! the horror of it grows upon us as we see them riding Romewards in a non-Thomist taxi, driven by a non-union driver. And then to think how Newman repays our kindness by throwing a lasso around the neck of Gibbon, without permission from Saint Thomas!

But your contributor has seen something without appreciating its significance. The Anglo-Saxon snub administered to the spoiled darling of the Council of Trent, comes of an old English habit of thinking for oneself. Had Darwin restricted himself to Saint Thomas, he would never have won theology from its regular union with mediaeval superstition. Is it not a reproach to us, that our share in the development of the world's thought has of late years been out of all proportion to our numbers in the Western world?

Excited at his find, Father Schwertner loses his head and, in almost successive breaths, tells us that the Anglo-Saxon world is "incurably pragmatic," but that its mind, historically considered, "hankers" after Platonism. These two cantradictory notions do not cancel out in the memory of the reader. They come much too close together for that. Eeither the Saxon is Platonic or he is utilitarian. For the purpose of Father Schwertner's essay, he cannot obviously be both. Let your correspondent hold to the description "Platonic," but be careful to throw a kindly veil around Blackburn, Balton, and Barnsley, barely to mention Burton and Bradford, and to pass over lightly Birmingham and Bristol. If after this, he still grip tight the same "Platonic complex" baton, let him explain roast beef, woolens and whisky, cotton and coal. But on the other hand, if he find he cannot breathe an atmosphere around Adam Smith, nor clothe with soft flesh the dry bones of Herbert Spencer, he has yet left on his hands, Shakespeare and Shelley, Burke and Byron, Tennyson and Turner. Or is Father Schwertner just trying to say in another way that the Anglo-Saxon cannot be read in terms of Thomism? The real diagnosis of this disaffection for Thomas is that the English mind will accept him for what he is undeniably worth, but steadily refuses to be standardized.

It would be well now to focus the attention of COMMONWEAL

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readers upon the falsity of our modern viewpoint. In this day when cities are ugly cesspools of corruption and vice, in this day when our finer sense is blunted beyond power of whetstone, in this day of jungle music and jungle morals, is there not a need of something more than cold reason for at least that part of philosophy we call ethics. Why should Plato remain a bugbear? Raphael painted him pointing to the skies; are we afraid our eyes will water if we follow his gesture? The Academician is constantly offering us a goal we are perpetually finding just out of reach; and if the Stagirite fills us with assurance, it is Plato who makes his saints. Did the Angelic Doctor write like Aristotle, he most certainly lived like Plato. It was Platonism that colored his whole life.

But our trouble is more deeply seated. Avicenna is gone, and Averrhoes with him; but Schopenhauer, Kant and their ilk have already passed the years of the Arab. The warriors of another day would have reason to reproach us, could they return today, to find the bark of discovery, far from having been taken into venturesome waters, still within hail of the shore.

Heresies have always been downed by original thinking. Have we really a right to expect the "dumb ox" to haul our modern tractor whilst our foot rests idly on the starter? "Until a better, safer teacher appears, we can ill afford to remain away from Aquinas." Yes, and whilst we lean with our whole weight upon the "Summa," we are likely to wait a long time. The psychology of it explains why we wait. There is for us a goodly enemy in Bergson; but we do not meet him; we positively refuse to approach the question of "time," except from the direction of mathematics. Einstein captures the world's imagination merely because he is a mystery; we do not attempt to understand his formulae, leaving that to people who deal in numbers; and whilst we fail to appreciate the advertising value of it all, Einstein remains a mystery for the masses; but his philosophy is beginning to dominate literature and the literature of today is as good as our people of tomorrow.

If there is anyone who considers that the body of the Church will not suffer as a result of our fetish-worship, let him study the history of intellectual activity in the Order of Preachers. Until the terrible prohibition, the Dominicans were an enterprising crowd; but so keenly did they feel the bit in later years, that their place in progressive thought had to be taken by the Franciscans, whose primary mission was alien to intensive study. The new policy in the Dominican Order broke down at the first test and the order which learned its first steps under the watchful eye of a loving mother, turned its back upon its own founder to fight, except where restricted, as at Paris, for the Thomist opposition to Mary's great prerogative. Could anything be sadder than to see this stubbornness in the men who made the rosary a popular devotion?

And when honors were to be conferred in the fourteenth century, the Dominicans were not there to share them with their brethren of the grey habit. The "victory of Paris" had been short-lived. It had not (as Father Bede Jarrett thinks) been repeated on the battlefield of Oxford—there the Franciscan was always supreme—but by the middle of the fourteenth century the rout of Thomism from both centers was complete.

Then the miracle happened and an order's vocation was rediscovered. Driven from the field of dialectics, which had never helped much, the Dominicans became once more the force in preaching they had been when they used the Augustinian weapon against the Albigensians. They began to take their preaching seriously, and mysticism flourished alongside the reawakened interest. From the newly-watered soil sprang the fairest flowers of German mysticism. John Tauler, who could only see his audience through tears, was the sweetest spirit of all; whilst Master Eckhart and Blessed Henry Suso were probably the greatest mystics of all time. Came Vincent Ferrer, the founder of the "missions," and when Thomism was at a low ebb, Savonarola, the greatest of Christian apologists, was thundering his philippics at the Medici, with heroic thrusts at a corrupt papal court.

Not that there was ever anything wrong with the Dominican mind as such. From the start the superiors of the order insisted upon talent, and they got it. At the Reformation, when Leo X was out hunting, they alone of all the orders, as an order, saw through the Luther bluff. Sylvester Prierias was the first to leap at the throat of the beast. Cajetan was an unsuccessful but clear-thinking mediator; whilst a close study of John Tetzel proves that he understood indulgences much better than those who blamed him for the break. In the controversy about Chinese Rites, it was the Dominican who saw most clearly through those nerve-racking debates, upon which the spiritual fate of a million converts depended. Then there was Francis of Vitoria, who created a new science by laying down the foundations of modern international law, credit for which usually goes to Grotius. Incidentally this same Friar saw the injustice of the Bull of Partition and had the courage to say what others were only thinking.

In England, the Dominicans were independent thinkers till their genius was fettered. But men of the caliber of John Darlington were able to turn their dynamic intellectual energy into newer channels, and the wearers of the white wool just simply dominated Church and politics. Here there was a veritable galaxy of great names.

In painting, the Dominicans excelled over the secular exponents of the art. Fra Angelico gave us the loveliest painting which the world has ever seen. Fra Bartolommeo is one of the great masters. Yet, withal, philosophical effort was at a standstill.

Even in the sphere of philosophy, shadows of what might have been flit through the pages of men like Cajetan and Cano; many a gallant enterprise must have been stifled in an obedient heart.

Even stranger is the phenomenon that Dominican eloquence improved accordingly as the preacher became less conscious of his Thomist gyves. In the sixteenth century came a revival; and then, the inevitable wane of Thomism. Just as surely came the period of eloquence in Lacordaire, Monsabré, Didon, by no means the products of Neo-Thomism, and all at their best when they are speaking what they feel. Monsabré came nearer than any other preacher to making the Christ-man live again in the sunlight of Galilee. If I may say so, the modern English Dominican feels much less comfortable when expounding Thomism at Marble Arch, than when preaching Christianity from the pulpit at Haverstock Hill.

But Thomism itself was never the quiet backwater that is the Neo-Scholastic reaction. Thomas and Albert were very much alive to the needs of their age; but we are satisfied to plod along the road they trod, gleaning hedgerows, pretty well orphaned of blossoms which they have culled. Surely, if it is no crime to defend the truth, it is something of a heroic virtue to make an occasional sally from our smug position, to do some foraging on our own account. That is to crusade under the banner of Thomas himself. Yes, there is, philosophically speaking, still much to be discovered about God Himself. What we need nowadays, is not Thomas so much as another Thomas—one to pick up the trail where "he" has left it.

Rev. Thomas Carroll, O.M.C.

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A LAYMAN'S PLAINT

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: THE COMMONWEAL has been, to me and undoubtedly to thousands of other Catholics, a refreshing periodical of Catholic thought and opinion. Considering it a forum in which the layman may have his say, may I presume to make a few remarks from, what I might call, the person in the pew?

David W. Griffith, when asked the secret of his success as a leading motion picture director, told an interviewer that he considered the average intelligence of a motion picture audience that of a nine-year-old child. That attitude, it seems to me, is held by the average (to put it mildly) preacher in Catholic parish pulpits. Aside from the Catholic radio hour sermons, those one hears in cathedral and other churches where the preachers evidently recognize they are talking to persons of a higher grade of intelligence than Griffith candidly conceded his movie audiences, I have failed in a long experience to find much concession on the part of the priest for the pew.

I believe I hit a responsive layman's chord when I say that we in the pews, who are quite interested in the Divine mystery of the Mass and who in our rounds of mundane activities expect and demand to be treated as grown-ups, do not receive that consideration from the Catholic parish pulpit.

The necessity of frequent sermonizing on cathetchism fundamentals is acknowledged. But why the perennial treatment of adult Catholics as minors, if not morons? Catholic schools, primary and collegiate, have been turning out these many decades intelligent and informed men and women who love ardently, and try to practise faithfully, what they cannot escape from feeling is the only rule of life. There is a large sprinkling of these followers of the Faith in every church every Sunday wherever the Holy Sacrifice is celebrated. There have been times when I have had the desire to meet an irritating preacher in the sacristry, and say to him:

"Father, there are plenty of us who have passed the Regents' examinations, have a fairly good grasp on the catechism and—strange as it may seem—know something about our religion."

I would then wish to go further and plead that, inasmuch as we are literate, we should be given a "break," but I don't think I could get that far. I have too high a regard for the cloth and what it represents to continue.

To conclude: If the old theological dictum stands, "sacramenta pro hominibus," why not "sermones pro hominibus"? We in the pews are "over seven" and desire something stronger than childrens' Mass catechetical fodder—Sunday in and Sunday out. Why, in fine, the least common denominator all the time unless you concede that Catholics in general are illiterate and should be treated as children?

S. J. FITZGERALD.

ONE WAY TO EMPLOYMENT

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor: In view of the serious effect this period of depression has had on the building trades, may I offer the thought for consideration, of interesting financial organizations or enterprises in the matter of replacement of obsolete or dilapidated structures? With some concerns this is provided for by a reserve for depreciation, usually only infrequently applied. Generally adopted, it would permit an increase in employment that would react advantageously upon every industry or commercial establishment, because a maximum of employment operates in a circle, with relation to production and consumption.

If reserves for depreciation were utilized at the expiration of a stated period, it is reasonable to suppose that employment would be better stabilized. But in the absence of a concerted program, this feature could be considered by financial interests, and the replacement of obsolete or dilapidated structures, with the improved facilities resulting, would not only be in the interest of efficiency, but would further add to the appearance of the various cities and towns.

If the amount that is yearly lost through speculative stock transactions were made applicable to the above, it would afford a probable opportunity to realize on the investment while creating employment, materially aiding in the preservation of our American ideals and the improved support of constituted authority and government.

WILLIAM H. BASTION.

LAUGHTER

Kenosha, Wis.

TO the Editor: What Donald Powell had to say about laughter in a recent issue gave my sense of humor a chance to shake its belly. His charming sentences were huddled like a bunch of long-horned steers with their heads against the wind of Puritanism. But he is too serious even about his humor. There is too much made at present of this "joy," and instead of criticizing our neighbors for their Puritanism, we ought to be trying a little of it ourselves in the face of modern problems. Most of us would like to be as happy as Francis of Assisi, the old Puritan. But how few even of the choice spirits in the Church are willing to pay the price which Francis paid for his humor! Francis, the happy man, we are all for: but Francis, the ecclesiastical and social reformer, we are not so eager to follow.

How much peace and joy has any Catholic a right to? One of the most pleasing and joyous songs ever heard in this vale of tears is without doubt the famous "Canticle of the Sun," by the poor poet of Assisi. The laughter and humor in it is Gargantuan and Rabelaisian, but one needs a velvet silence to hear it. Where are we to get our humor? That humor which passes understanding? I have a suspicion that it stems from the sincere attempt to grow a halo. The golden secret of humor lies in detachment from the world, while at the same time being "at home" in it. "In the world but not of it." Then one can possess all things; then one remembers his experiences of God's mercy and "a laugh begins in the region of the umbilicus, gathers momentum as it reaches the esophagus, tickles the tongue, starts with a chuckle and bellows forth from the lips in a Gargantuan crescendo," as Powell so beautifully expressed it. Catholic literature has a face with about as much expression as oatmeal, because its realization of the Faith is not robust. It will speak in granite gutterals when a robust Catholicity arrives. "Anima humana est naturaliter christiana"—not Puritan. But even a Puritan soul is naturally Christian. Saint Francis and hundreds of other ascetics, with their fierce mortification of sense, were the sanest of men. I bet even Saint Simeon Stylites, that wild Oriental ascetic praying from the top of his pillar amid rain, wind and frost, "from scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin"—I bet he enjoyed himself at times so boisterously that he would fall off his perch and have to crawl back up. Alongside these puritanical fellows, Rabelais has about as much chance as a sardine on a railroad track. In fact, he's a piker. I honestly believe a Puritan's soul is also naturally Christian. He's just another kind of optimist, even though he doesn't know good wine when he tastes it, and has no ear for music.

F. A. SHEA.

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POEMS

For a Tower without Bells

In this tall tower filled with pigeons now
And silver chiming of imagined bells
Real bells will ring one day. And men will bow
Their heads at the familiar madrigals.

A time will come when no one will recall
These window spaces of unbroken blue,
Watching the play of bells that rise and fall
Where now the stars shine unimpeded through.

And the whish, whish of purple pigeon wings
Will scatter sleep when the clear songs are stilled.
O, there will lack perfection in these things
Until the tower with bird and bell be filled.

For without birds to talk and bells to toll,
How may a tower attain her living soul?

SISTER MARIS STELLA.

Soul on Parchment

We stopped to rest, and looking to the sky,
Saw browsing sheep; but then the poet said—
I know not what: some talk of "music" fled
Half uttered from his parted lips. And I,
Now peering more intently overhead,
Saw yet no vision in the sheep-strewn sky;
Nor heard what seemed upon his ears to tread.
Then suddenly his pen on parchment sped,
And stamped his soul, as it had been a die.

I read in haste each scrawly word,
And upward looked again;
And strains of distant music heard;
Nor looked aloft in vain.

I saw Cecilia touch the keys—
And spheres in music spun.
I saw her gown on heaven-winged breeze
Rippling in the sun.

LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY.

John Wilkes Booth

O darkly inspired who, pushing back the walls
Of the theatre, hurried from the disordered stage,
Dragging your tragedy like a burning cloak
After you through the land, and now enduring as wage,
The taste of the thick black grief that cleaves to your soul—
Not alone do you flee the voice of God which beats
Against you like a maelstrom; following you
The secretly guilty slink along the streets,
Appalled because the deed they desired is done.
The madman must perform what the cowards are dreaming.
Escape! but the earth shall offer no hiding place,
The winds are pointing the way, the birds are screaming
Your whereabouts. If you would discover peace
Once more a moment before the bloodhounds come,
Throw back your head and look upon the stars
Far and serene above the pandemonium.

HELENE MULLINS.

Boy in a Storm

The woods were dark with storm,
The woods were bent
Northward with the onslaught from the south.
Sharply intent
On stone and tree-root, racing
The rain, he heard
A crash in the underbrush, the startled chirp
Of a hidden bird,
And pulled up short: a deer
Leaped to the path,
Paused, and was gone. He carried a shaking heart
As aftermath,
Through the rain, through the moving woods,
Through the early dark,
Cupping brown flight in a breast that hitherto
Had borne no mark.

FRANCES M. FROST.

Ellen's Lament for Her Man John

You are gone my darling from the house forever,
Cold and silence is in every place you were.
No more at four o'clock on a winter evening
Will you stretch your stocking feet to the fire's welcome.

O had you no pity on the little boat
That rides a week now, heavy with rain water?
Had you no pity on your coat and hat
Are hanging lonely from the peg inside the door?

Fawney the goat, when I climb the hill to milk her,
Runs down to see you, then is disappointed.
When I have strength to get your spade from the garden,
What will I say to the robin under the wall?

Empty and light the years are like husks before me,
I care not how soon the wind blows them away.
A hill is bare when the strong feet no more walk it,
A house is only a shell with the life gone from it.

L. A. G. STRONG.

To Dante--after Exile

Ravenna's air was sweet to him that night
Who twenty years had wandered over the land,
An exile, sick at heart, whose aged hand
With palsy shook, and eyes scarce saw the light.
Soft was the air, yet softer still the sight
Within his heart of Beatrice with her wand
That touched the springs of will upon his strand
Of ebbing life, and turned blood-red to white.

To visions white that rose before his eyes
Like mountains seen beneath a winter sun,
Where angels issued from the lonely sighs
Of welled-up years: as a new life begun
At death, so seemed the radiant Paradise
That Dante saw once, ere it was undone.

PAUL SCHOFIELD.

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BOOKS

The Inequality Test

The Spirit of World Politics, by William Ernest Hocking. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

IT IS refreshing to find a philosopher in the field of world politics; not an "armchair theorist," but a practical person who, having beliefs and convictions, goes out himself to test their applicability in the clash of current events. "We are bound," Mr. Hocking believes, "even in the interplay of world forces, to get and apply standards of right and wrong, so far as these forces work through our own agencies."

He does not believe, watching our Western governments in operation in other peoples' lands, that their dealings are governed solely by crude self-interest, any more than they are governed solely by clear principle. He believes as a result of meticulously careful observation *sur place,* that principles of right and wrong are truly there and intended to be there, but that these principles are not clearly defined, that their right application is not yet learned, and that the result is a constant breaking through of grossness with consequent lowering of standards all around. To clarify the principles involved in these supremely important relationships, as well as their application requires, he believes, a special kind of study, to which this book is an introduction.

He observes that "the temper of world politics today is controlled more profoundly by the incidents of inequality than by any other circumstance," and that "the powers [fatal word!] are calling upon the nations of the world to stratify themselves into progressive peoples and backward peoples"; that with regard to the latter, the former are insisting that they accept the false "axiom" that "they are and of right ought to be, dependent peoples."

This "essential" dependency is Mr. Hocking's point of inquiry. He chose Egypt as his experimental laboratory. He took this terrain deliberately, because of certain vital factors in that situation: Egypt's intense, though perhaps awkward and ill-directed, nationalism; Egypt's latent cultural power; England's record as an administrative people; the particular performance in Egypt of a number of England's best public servants.

Having illustrated, through first-rate analysis of Egypt's problems, the working of our general tendency "to dress mankind in all its variety, in a linear up and down scale of degrees of civilization," he next examines and analyzes the principle and the illusions of self-determination. He then goes on to that curious phenomenon of the World War: a group of victors groping toward a clarification of this fact dimly perceived, the responsibility of "powers" expressed in the mandate system. He passes thence to colonies and their problems.

To illustrate his chapters on mandates, he takes the French in Syria, and he analyzes Palestine and Zionism. These three concrete examples of the confusion of intelligent men applying principles to practice are ample enough to confirm his doctrine and demonstrate its universality. He does not need to bring in Korea, the Philippines or Porto Rico; nor Manchuria and Nicaragua. Unless one be incredibly complacent or wilfully ignorant of actualities in the world, the light of general principles and standards (pointed by the parallel action elsewhere of intelligent and honest men), can be drawn over to illuminate our own motes as well as the beams of our neighbors. His test questions to determine a successfully responsible mandate are the following:

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NEXT WEEK

THE EDUCATIONAL ISSUE will be our next at a time when the school year is closing and when—life going on as it does—plans will have to be made for the next year. Roy J. Deferrari, dean of the Graduate School of the Catholic University of America and director of the summer session of the University, writes on REHABILITATING THE MASTER'S DEGREE with vigor, point and authority. The writer is one of the foremost champions of a solid and meaningful higher education in our sorely tried and confused modern life. . . . CULTURE COMES TO THE POTOMAC, by Oliver McKee, jr., describes the Folger Shakesperian Library in Washington, District of Columbia, and other aspects not generally known about the National Capitol which are developing it into one of the great centers of learning and of science of the whole world. . . . RESEARCH AND THE PROFESSOR, by Sister Mary Ellen O'Hanlon, is a brilliant exposition of the thesis that research work is the most valuable stimulus for genuine scholarship among professors and most surely inculcates in them a quality which is clearly discerned by their students as the true sign of an intellectual leader. How the professor who is sternly beset by clamorous hordes of the none-too-cultured, may yet pursue some research is suggested by Sister O'Hanlon. Altogether this should be an article of great interest to all those who have or who contemplate a teaching career, or who have a practical interest in education. . . . AUTOGRAPHS FROM A PREP SCHOOL, by the Reverend Michael Earls, S.J., a member of the faculty of Holy Cross College, at Worcester, Massachusetts, are delightfully literary, and mellow reminiscences—witty, kind and warm-hearted.

Has it, as its primary aim, the benefit of the "backward" people, though will full consideration also of the fact that to produce benefit, the "power" must expend capital and is therefore entitled to a just return?

Or is it merely a westernization of some distinct and different culture, or of some old but now latent culture, binding the dependent people ever more inextricably into the Western structure, as the hybrid grows?

Is the "benefit" purely material (roads, a non-native school system, an imposed official language, sanitation, etc.) or does it contemplate eventual withdrawal leaving a firmly built state in its own culture, grateful to a benefactor, a true growth and not a hybrid?

Shall "native" modes of life be preserved only in so far as they are compatible with the *material* interests of Europe (i.e., the Western system)? May one force a mandate?

The thoughts sketched out by Professor Hocking have some analogy to the spread of Christian religion. I suppose that we would still be Jews had not Apostles established the meaning of Catholicity, by endeavoring to mature "native" Churches, in their "native" culture, though united, all, in a definite and clear-cut set of principles and a common faith. There is no great difference between that idea and the idea of world civilization toward which, once more, intelligent men are groping.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Too Broad

Religious Behavior, by David M. Trout. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

THE PRIMARY subject of study in this book is religious behavior, rather than religious experience. "Emphasis is placed upon the necessity for a reduction of theoretical output and an accumulation of objectively verifiable data." Doubtless this is desirable. But one may well doubt whether an understanding of religious hope is made more objective by describing it as "that experience which the individual has when he apprehends a particular dynamic organization of his neurons, muscles and glands."

Dr. Trout adverts to the fact that no definition of religion has ever proved satisfactory to all students, and he does not himself attempt a formal definition. Yet he includes under religious the activities of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism. And he implies that the behavior of subhuman animals, or even of the inanimate universe, may be religious. As a consequence, Dr. Trout's definition embraces so much as religious that it ceases to be of value.

On the whole, indeed, the book does not seem to me to add very much to our knowledge of religious behavior. But here and there we do find a stimulating thought. For instance, all religious teachers might well take to heart Dr. Trout's emphasis upon the positiveness of religion. I select one significant statement:

"Non-religious behavior appears to consist of automatic, disinterested, unenthusiastic movements. It lacks the integration, the drive experienced as expectancy that the future will eventuate well; it is void of certainty. . . . The lowest grade idiot is perhaps the best example of one who fails almost entirely to behave religiously. So far as we can tell . . . he does not expect, love or feel certain about anything; he makes no conquests and never tries to achieve a goal."

How much of our so-called religious activity by this test would be classed as really non-religious?

J. ELLIOT ROSS.

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What Is Art?

Principles of Art History, by Heinrich Wölfflin; translated by M. D. Hottinger. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $5.00.

TO WRITE art history which "conceives of style primarily as expression, expression of the temper of an age and a nation as well as of the individual temperament," is the purpose which guided Professor Wölfflin through the years of investigation summarized in his classic book. Few volumes have had a wider or deeper influence on recent conceptions of creative and critical activity. It is, therefore, eminently good that M. D. Hottinger should have provided a really first-rate translation, which is accompanied by the illustrations used in the original.

The specific problem which Wölfflin sets himself here is to describe the development which took place in architecture, painting and sculpture during the sixteenth century. Usually the product of this change is denominated by the term baroque, so that the book is really a study of how the classical became baroque. While allowing fully for national differences and individual artistic temperaments, the author is able to show a definite general underlying trend which reposed upon "a different attitude to the world." Wölfflin's hypothesis is, therefore, soundly idealistic, and ignores all such easy explanations as are sought in the discovery of new technical means. He specifies five "concepts" as being present in the development: the trend from the linear to the painterly (which terms of course require definition); development from plane to recession; development from closed to open form; development from multiplicity to unity; absolute and relative clarity of the subject.

This classification is not automatically valuable, to be sure. It must be tested by what it actually reveals of the "expression" conveyed in art. Such a test is supplied, with a vigorous insight, a revealing attentiveness, from following which the reader is sure to derive knowledge that will surprise and delight him. In other words, this is one of the few existing critical books which actually train in the difficult art of apprehending. Of very special interest is the use made of the contrasts between Dürer and Rembrandt, Titian and Velasquez.

The book is so important that few additions to recent literature on the arts can be named with it.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Immortal Speech

Favorite Newman Sermons; selected by the Reverend Daniel O'Connell, S.J. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $3.00.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S vaster audience rests chiefly upon the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," to which a tremendous and moving attraction is to be observed (and a sort of anonymity is imputed) in the remotest recesses of English-speaking society. Nevertheless, it is to his sermons that one must turn for the substance of one whose direct and indirect influence effected a profound change in the direction and the tone of English thought. The spirit which dominated the Oxford Movement found expression of such force and depth and exactitude that print and paper and a hundred years seem, strangely, only to intensify them. The value discoverable in these sermons is more truly spiritual, the sensibility more exquisite and *fine,* the tenacity of effort for an exact articulation of the least ponderable elements of faith more unrelenting, than one easily could discover comparison for. These sermons, this spirit, are not easily to be compared and, through comparison,

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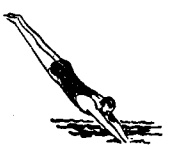

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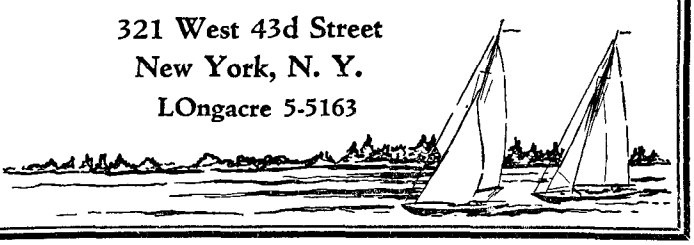

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dismissed. They are no monument to be ticketed and ignored: they are an immediate force.

That they contain passages of as great prose as any in English religious writing—which is to say, the greatest English prose—it seems almost an impertinence to remark. One has only to turn to them to discern the inextricable dependence of style upon matter. But it is less as models for written or oral style than as models of spiritual completeness that they are to be recommended.

Whether one can give complete assent to all that is implied or stated in such sermons as "The Mental Sufferings of Our Lord in His Passion" is of negligible importance compared with the fruitfulness of even the most casual reading of the papers Father O'Connell has skilfully selected from three books—the "Sermons on Various Occasions," the "Discourses to Mixed Congregations" and the "Parochial and Plain Sermons." In the face of them, Father O'Connell's introduction seems almost apologetic. But, in their face, contemporary apology is not unfitting.

RAYMOND LARSSON.

Cecil and the English Reformation

The Transformation of England: I (Volume IV of A History of England), by Hilaire Belloc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.00.

IN THIS, the fourth volume of his important work, Mr. Belloc penetrates to the very heart and climax of his subject. Obviously it is a book with a thesis, the latter being an uncompromising explanation of why a country like England, of all European states the most devoted to the Catholic religion, the least affected by Luther's Continental gestures, should within a generation of Luther's time have become, officially, the most anti-Catholic of all countries, the corner-stone of the anti-Catholic revolt. Or let us put it another and simpler way. In 1538, at the height of the Henrican schism, men were burned in London for denying the Real Presence. Yet the same child who saw the death-carts passing to Smithfield might well, before he had reached the prime of life, have seen them pass to Tyburn, loaded with priests condemned to an unspeakable death for no other crime than bringing the Real Presence to their co-religionists. In 1538, Catholicism was the faith of all England; in 1559 and thereafter, it was an outlawed, a cruelly persecuted thing. It is Mr. Belloc's business to show how this amazing revolution was effected.

The key to what Mr. Belloc has called the transformation of England can best be found in Lord Burleigh's own maxim: "To undermine the economic position of any institution, ecclesiastical or civil, is to destroy its moral power." This is what Burleigh, who began life as plain William Cecil, did, and this is why he is the hero, or rather villain, of Mr. Belloc's latest volume. An economic revolution permitted, and later irrevocably confirmed, the religious one. The latter, in its turn, created a political revolution, the net result of which was to subject the kingship to a wealthy governing class. Such is Mr. Belloc's thesis, such is his story of England from 1534 to 1688, and no honest student, unless he has been brought up in the Evangelical or Whiggish school of history, could deny, I think, its fidelity to what actually happened.

Unfortunately there is an official textbook school of English history which has quite failed, up to date, to place these simple facts in their proper relief. The great function of this school in dealing with the Reformation is, inevitably, to put the cart before the horse. Its professors, eagerly seconded by clergymen

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anxious about continuity, and troubled over these Elizabethan persecutions, are fond of asserting that England revolted against the Church, at all events against the Papacy, and that the raid on the monasteries, colleges, charities, hospitals, schools and guilds by Henry VIII, was an afterthought on the part of that pleasing monarch, a mere incident. Unhappily, this mere incident is the key to the whole business. Since the national religion was the chief victim of this highway robbery, it lost power, and a vested interest, a controlling caste, arose to combat the return of that power. A brief return to Catholic unity under Queen Mary was made conditional on the fact that not a tithe of the ill-gotten swag should be returned to its real owner, the Church. None the less that reconciliation to Rome gave the bandits pardon and the new millionaires a bad fright, and on the queen's death they rallied joyfully to her sister, Elizabeth. And here it may be well to emphasize a fact often underlined by Mr. Belloc. It is absurd to say that these supposedly absolute Tudors "did" this and that, on their own initiative, at all events in the realm of religion. Even the most wilful of them, Henry VIII, was led about eternally by some Cromwell, some Anne Boleyn; the latter is really responsible for the break with Rome, the former for the raid on the monasteries. Henry's daughter Elizabeth, by temperament well enough disposed toward her Catholic subjects, was directed, throughout her long and decisive reign, by William Cecil, and the niceties of such influence are for the more than elementary student as important as a recital of simple overt acts.

It is highly illuminating, and even amusing, to read Mr. Belloc on this gentleman, and then turn to Lord Macaulay's condescending, happy-go-lucky treatment of the same person. "Lord Burleigh," states the great Whig historian, "can hardly be called a great man. He was not one of those whose genius and energy change the fate of nations. He was by nature and habit one of those who follow, not lead." Mr. Belloc has very little difficulty in showing the exact opposite to have been the case with William Cecil. It was he, rather than his mistress, who was the real architect of the second break with Rome, and the development of the Anglican Church. As a member of that body myself, I could wish that it might own to a worthier artificer than Elizabeth's Secretary of State. Let me again quote Macaulay who, often against self-interest, is one of the most priceless of character-artists: "He never deserted his friends till it was very inconvenient to stand by them, was an excellent Protestant when it was disadvantageous to be Catholic, and was so moderate in his desires that he left only three hundred distinct landed estates."

He ruled England and his queen during those forty odd years so fateful for the Church, and one result of his rule was that at the end of his life barely half of the population had remained Catholic, and that secretly. Assuredly this is one whose genius and energy, to say nothing of darker and more devious qualities, "change the face of nations." It was Cecil, at the beginning of the Elizabethan period, who forced the adoption of the present Anglican Prayerbook, rather than that one of 1549 which "looks," to quote Mr. Belloc, "like the Mass in English." It was he who forced his mistress to sign the execution of her guest and prisoner, Mary Stuart. It is said that Elizabeth on her deathbed had the illusion of "an iron collar around her neck." In a sense it was no illusion, for her Chief Secretary had placed it there some fifty years before. Incidentally, he had attempted to exterminate the Catholic religion in England, but there is an old and Divine saying regarding the gates of hell, very applicable to Elizabethan history.

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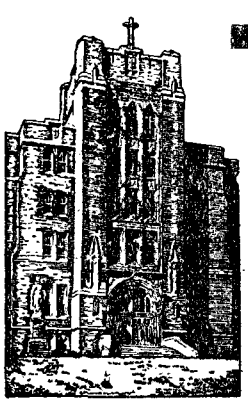
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Briefer Mention

Life and Andrew Otway, by Neil Bell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THIS is the tale of one Andrew Otway, who left his humble shop in Senwich for a London office to make so much money that he became one of the greatest economic forces in Britain, only at last to come to tragic ruin through his own weaknesses. With his and his firm's failure fall, of course, those many others indirectly dependent on him, as the foolish victims of the economic bondage that modern finance imposes as the price of lust for money. Mr. Otway, prime puppet of his own mechanism, seeks his own way out. Tried and sentenced for fraud, he kills himself. A crude, ill-bred and most commonplace person, Otway scatters his money before the public eye, and plays his life out vulgarly. He has streaks of animal good nature, and is at all times filled with animal opportunism. "If the saints," he says, "only took some soap and water and liver pills Saturday nights, they wouldn't have worried over their souls." The rest of his opinions have similar value. Now there are few men worth writing everything about, and especially few captains of finance. In 427 crowded pages, Mr. Bell undresses his hero's soul, explains him, pleads for him and praises him in spots to prove that Otway was not, after all, such a bad sort. He simply is not worth all that writing. Mr. Bell manages some excellent passages when he forgets his preoccupation with his main character.

The Secession Movement, 1860-1861, by Dwight L. Dumond. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS volume, originally submitted as a doctoral dissertation in history at the University of Michigan, will interest specialists in the Civil War period, and constitutionalists who still concern themselves with State Rights doctrines and the memories of deceased politicians whom even death could not translate into statesmen. Dr. Dumond has made a contribution in restating the prevailing but conflicting constitutional theories of the fifties, in clarifying the tedious tangle of Democratic policies and rivalries in the Charleston and Baltimore conventions, in explaining the rise of Lincolnism, and in discussing the failure of all efforts to compromise without war. It is not new ground; but a new and rational interpretation of that critical year before the war is welcome, especially an interpretation based upon an examination of new materials and contemporary newspapers. The author lacks only a little sympathy with the South.

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